

# RAM-ALLEY

Or,

## Merry-Trickes.

A COMEDY.

Divers times here-to-fore acted.

By

*the Children.*

of

the Kings Revels.



Written by *Lo. Barrey.*

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LONDON.

Printed by JOHN NORTON for ROBERT  
WILSON. 1636.



RAMALLEY

Merry-Tickets



Watson by J. O. Brown

Printed by J. O. Brown  
London

# The Prologue.



Home-bred mirth our Muse doth sing,  
The Satyres tooth, and Waspsish sting,  
Which most do hurt when least suspected,  
By this Play are not affected;  
But if Conceit with quick-turn'd Sceanes,  
Observing all those ancient streames,  
Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow,  
As Time, Place, Person, and to show  
Things never done with that true life,  
That thoughts, and wits should stand at strife,  
Whether the things now shovne be true,  
Or whether we our selves now do  
The things we but present; if these,  
Free from the loathsome stage disease,  
(So over-worne, so rinde, and stale,  
Not Satyrizing but to raile)  
May win your favours, and inherit  
But calme acceptance for his merit:  
A vowes by Paper, Pen, and Inke,  
And by the learned Sisters drinke,  
To spend his Time, his Lamps, his Oyle,  
And never cease his braine to toyle,  
Till from the silent houres of night,  
He doth produce for your delight,  
Conceits so new, so harmlesse free,  
That Puritans themselves may see  
A Play yet not in publike Preach,  
That Players such lewd doctrine teach  
That their pure joynts do quake, and tremble,  
When they doe see a man resemble  
The Picture of a Villain: This  
As he a friend to Muses is,  
To you by me a gives his word,  
Is all his Play doth now affoord.

FINIS.



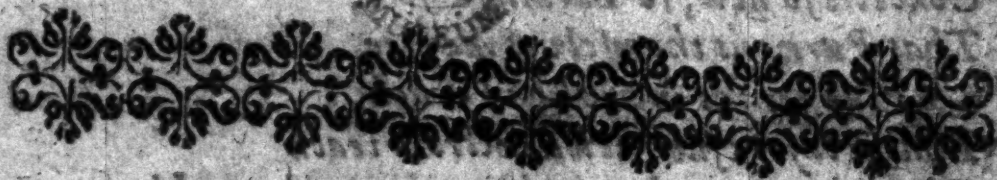


## Actorum nomina.

<i>Sir Oliver Small-shankes.</i>	<i>Throate.</i>
<i>Iustice Tutchin.</i>	<i>Captaine Face.</i>
<i>Thomas Small-shankes.</i>	<i>Dash.</i>
<i>William Small-shankes.</i>	<i>Three Gentlemen.</i>
<i>Boutcher.</i>	<i>A Drawer.</i>
<i>Lieftenant Beard.</i>	<i>Constable, and Officers.</i>

## Women.

<i>Lady Sommerfield.</i>	<i>Taffata.</i>
<i>Constantia Sommerfield.</i>	<i>Adriana.</i>
<i>Francis.</i>	<i>Chamber-maide.</i>





## Ram-Alley.

Actus 1. Scena. 1.

*Enter Constantia sola, with a letter in her hand.*

*Constantia*

**I**N this disguise, ere scarce my mourning robes,  
Could have a generall note, I have forsooke  
My shape, my mother, and those rich demeanes,  
Of which I am sole heire: and now resolve,  
In this disguise of Page to follow him,  
Whose love first caus'd me to assume this shape.  
Lord how my feminine bloud stires at the sight  
Of these same breeches, me thinkes this cod-peece  
Should betray me: well, I will trie the worst,  
Hether they say he usually doth come,  
Whom I so much affect, what makes he heere,  
In the skirts of *Holborne*, soneere the field,  
And at a garden house? he has some punke  
Vpon my life: no more, heere he comes.

*Enter Bontcher.*

God save you sir: your name unlesse I erre,  
Is master *Thomas Bontcher*. *Bon.* Tis sweet boy. *Con. delivers*  
*Con.* I have a letter for you. *Bon.* From whom ist, *The letter*  
*Con.* The inside sir will tell you; I shall see *he reads it.*  
What love he beares me now. *Bon.* Th' art welcome boy.  
How does the faire *Constantia Somerfield*,  
My noble mistresse? *Con.* I left her in health.



*Bon.* Shee gives thee heere good words, and for her sake,  
Thou shalt not want a master, be mine for ever.

*Con.* I thanke you sir: now shall I see the Punke. *He knocks.*

*Enter William Small-fanke.*

*W.Sm.* Who knocks so fast? I thought 'twas you, what news,

*Bon.* You know my businesse well, I sing one song.

*W.Sm.* Foot, what would you have me do, my land is gone,  
My credit of lesse trust then Courtiers words,

To men of judgment, and for my debts

I might deserue a Knight hood; what's to be done?

The Knight my father will not once vouchsafe

To call me sonne; That little land a gave,

Throte the Lawyer swallowed at one gob

For lesse then halfe the worth: and for the City

There be so many rascals, and tall yeomen

Would hang upon me for their maintenance,

Should I but peepe or step within the gates,

That I am forst onely to ease my charge,

To live here in the suburbs: or in the Towne

To walke in *Tenebris*, I tell you sir,

Your best retired life is an honest Punke

In a thatcht house with Garlike: tell not me,

My Punk's my Punke, and noble Letchery

Sticks by a man, when all his friends forsake him.

*Bon.* The Poxe it will, art thou so senselesse growne,  
So much indeared to thy bestiall lust,

That thy originall worth should lye extinct

And buried in thy shame? farre be such thoughts

From spirits free, and noble: begin to live.

Know thy selfe, and whence thou art deriv'd,

I know that competent state thy father gave,

Cannot be yet consum'd. *W.S.* 'Tis gon by heaven,

Not a denier is left. *Bon.* 'Tis impossible.

*W.S.* Impossible zart, I have had two suckers,  
Able to spend the wealthy *Craesus* store.

*Enter Francis.*

*Bon.* What are they? *W.S.* Why a Lawyer, and a Whore,  
See heere comes one, doost thinke this petti-coate,  
A persu'md smocke, and twice a weeke a bathe,

Can

# MERRY-TRICKS.

Can be maintain'd with halfe a yeeres reuenews  
No by heaven, we Annuall yonger brothers  
Must go to't by whole-sale, by whole-sale-men  
These creatures are maintained: her very face  
Has cost a hundred pound. *Fra.* Sir, thanke your selfe.

*Con.* They keepe this whore betwixt them. *Fra.* You know  
I did inioy a quiet country life,  
Spotlesse, and free, till you corrupted me,  
And brought me to the Court, I never knew,  
What sleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant,  
Till you preferd me to your Aunt the Lady,  
I knew no Ivory teeth, no caps of heire,  
No *Mercury* water, *sucus*, or perfumes,  
To helpe a Ladies breath, untill your Aunt  
Learnt me the common tricke. *W.S.* The common tricke  
Say you, a poxe upon such common tricks,  
They will undoe us all. *Bon.* And knowing this  
Art thou so wilfull blind, still to persist  
In ruine, and defame. *W.S.* What should I doe?  
I've past my word to keepe this Gentlewoman,  
Till I can place her to her owne content.  
And what is a Gentleman but his word?

*Bon.* Why let her go to service. *W.S.* To service?  
Why so she does, she is my Landresse,  
And by this light, no puny inne a Court  
But keeps a Landresse at his command  
To do him service, and shall not I, ha?

*Fra.* Sir, you are his friend (I love him to)  
Propound a course which may advantage him,  
And you shall finde such reall worth in me,  
That rather then Ile live his hindrance,  
I will assume the most penurious state  
The City yeelds, to give me meanes of life.

*W.S.* Why ther's it, you heare her what she saies,  
Would not he be damnd that should forsake her?  
Sayes she not well can you propound a course,  
To get my forfet land, from yonder rogue,  
Parcell Lawyer, parcell Devill, all Knave,  
Throate, throate. *Bon.* Not I. *W.S.* Why so, I thought as much,



# MERRY-TRICKS.

You are like our Citizens to men in need,  
Which cry, 'tis pity a proper Gentleman  
Should want money, yet not an usuring slave  
Will lend him a denier, to helpe his wants,  
Will you lend me forty shillings. *Bon.* I will.

*W.S.* Why god-americy, there's some goodnesse in thee,  
Youle not repent. *Bon.* I will not. *W.S.* With that money  
I will redeeme my forfet land, and wed  
My Coccatrice to a man of worship,  
To a man of worship by this light. *Bon.* But how?

*W.* Thus: in Ram-alley lies a fellow, by name  
*Throate*: one that professeth law, but indeed  
Has neyther law nor conscience, a fellow  
That never saw the barre, but when his life  
Was cald in question for a coozenage,  
The Rogne is rich, to him go you, tell him  
That rich Sir *John Somersfield*: *Con.* How's that?

*W.* Is lately dead, and that my hopes stand faire  
To get his onely daughter. If I spend,  
And have but meanes to steale away the wench,  
Tell him I reckon him my chiefeft friend,  
To entertaine us till our nuptiall rites  
May be accomplisht, and could you but procure  
My elder brother meete me on the way,  
And but associate me unto his house,  
'Tweare hit ifaith, I'de give my cunning *Throate*  
An honest slit for all his tricks in Law.

*Bon.* Why this shall be perform'd, take ther's my store,  
To friends all things are common. *W.S.* Then at the Court  
There are none foes, for all things there are common.

*Bon.* I will as carefully performe thy wish,  
As if my fortunes lay upon th'attempt.

*W.S.* When shall I heare from you? *Bon.* VVithin this houre

*W.S.* I let me alone for the rest, if I gull not  
And go beyond my open throated lawyer,  
For all his booke cases of *Tricesimo nono*  
And *Quadragesimo octavo*; let me  
Like waiting Gentlewomen be ever bound,  
To sit upon my heeles, and picke rather

# MERRY-TRICKS.

Will you about this geere. *Bou.* With my best speed.

*W.S.* Then fare you well, youle meete me. *Bou.* Without

*Exit Bouch. and Page.* (faile.

*W.S.* Aduē : now you pernicious Coecatrice,  
You see how I must skelder for your good,  
Ile bring you where you shall have meanes to cheate,  
If you have grace enough to apprehend it.

*Fra.* Beleēve me love, how ere some stricter wits,  
Condemne all women which are prone to love,  
And thinke that if their favour fall on any,  
By consequence they must be naught with many,  
And hold a false position, that a woman  
False to her selfe, can trusty be to no man.  
Yet know I say, how ere my life hath lost  
The fame which my Virginitie aspyr'd,  
I will be true to thee, my deed shall moove,  
To win from all men pity, if not love.

*W.S.* Tut. I know thee a good rascall, lets in,  
And on with all your neate, and finest ragges.  
On with your cloake, and save-gard, you arrant drab,  
You must cheate without all conscience, filch for thee, & me.  
Do but thou act what I shall well contrive,  
Weele teach my Lawyer a new way to thrive. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mistresse Tafata, and Adriana her maid above.*

*Taf.* Come lou'd *Adriana* here let us sit,  
And marke who passēs; now for a wager,  
What colour'd bear'd comes next by the window?

*Adr.* A blacke mans I thinke. *Taf.* I thinke not so,  
I thinke a red, for that is most in fashion,  
Lord how scarcee is the world of proper men  
And gallants; sure we never more shall see  
A good legge worne in a long filke stocking,  
With a long cod-peece, of all fashions  
That carried it ifaith, what's he goes by?

*Enter a Citizen.*

*Adri.* A sniveling Citizen, he is carrying ware, *Exit*  
Vnto some Ladies Chamber: but who's this?

*Enter T. Small-shanke reading a Letter.*

*Taf.* I know him not, a lookes just like a foole.



# MERRY TRICKS.

*Adr.* He's very brave, a may be a Courtier,  
*VV*hats that a reads. *Taf.* Ah how light a treads  
 For durting his filke stockings, He tell thee what,  
 A witty woman may with ease distinguish,  
 All men by their noses, as thus : your nose  
*Tuscan* is lovely, large, and brawde,  
 Much like a Goose, your valiant generous nose,  
 A crooked, smooth, and a great puffing nose,  
 Your schollers nose is very fresh, and raw  
 For want of fire in winter, and quickly smells  
 His choppes of mutton, in his dish of porrage.  
 Your Puritan nose is very sharpe, and long,  
 And much like your widows, and with ease can smell,  
 An edefying capon some five streets off.

*Emer Boutecher, and Constantia.*

*Adr.* O mistress a very proper Gentleman,

*Taf.* And trust me so he is, I never saw  
 A man that sooner could captive my thoughts  
 ( Since I writ widow ) then this Gentleman,  
 I would a would looke up. *Adr.* He laugh so lowd  
 That he may heare me. *Taf.* Thats not so good.

*Bou.* And spake you with Master *Small-shanke* ? *Con.* I did.

*Bou.* *VV*ill a meete his brother. *Con.* A said a would.  
 And I beleevd him, I tell you master  
 I have done that for many of these gallants  
 That no man in this Towne would do but I.

*Bo.* What is that boy ? *Con.* Why trust them on their words,  
 But will you heare the newes which now supplies,  
 The City with discourse *Bou* ? What is it wag ?

*Con.* This fit, they say some of our City dames  
 Were much desirous to see the Baboones  
 Doe their newest tricks, went, saw them, came home,  
 Went to bed, slept, next morning one of them,  
 Being to shift a smocke, sends downe her maide,  
 To warme her one, meane while she gins to thinke  
 On the Baboones tricks, and naked in her bed  
 Begins to practise some, at last she strove,  
 To get her right leg over her head ; thus :  
 And by her activity she got it.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Crosse her shoulder: but not with all her power,  
 Could she reduce it, at last much struggling  
 Tumbles quite from the bed upon the floore,  
 The maide by this return'd with the warme smoeke,  
 And seeing her mistress throwne on the ground,  
 Trust up like a foot-ball, exclames, calls helpe,  
 Runnes downe amazd, swears that her mistress neck  
 Is broke; up comes her husband, and neighbours,  
 And finding her thus trus'd, some flatly said  
 She was bewitcht, others she was posselt,  
 A third said for her pride, the Divell had set  
 Her face where her rumpe should stand, but at last  
 Her valiant husband steps me boldly to her,  
 Helpes her; she ashamed; her husband amazed,  
 The neighbours laughing, as none forbare,  
 She tell them of the fatall accident.

To which one answers, that if her husband  
 Would leave his trade, and carry his wife about  
 To doe this trick in publike, she'd get more gold  
 Then all the Baboones, Calves with two tales,  
 Or motions whatsoever. *Bou.* You are a wag.

*Taf.* He will be gone if we neglect to stay him.

*Adr.* Shall I cough or sneeze. *Taf.* No I ha't stand a side,  
 Aye me my handkercher *Adrian, Fabian.* *Adr.* Mistress,

*Taf.* Runne, runne, I have let my handkercher fall.  
 Gentleman shall I intreat a curtesie?

*Bou.* Within my power your beauty shall command.  
 What curtesie ist. *Taf.* To stoop, and take up,  
 My handkercher. *Bou.* Your desire is performd.

*Taf.* Sir most hearty thanks: please you come in  
 Your welcome shall transcend your expectation.

*Bou.* I accept your curtesie, ha! whats this?  
 Affailed by feare, and hope in a moment.

*Boucher,* this womanish passion fits not men,  
 Who know the worth of freedome: shall smiles, and eyes  
 With their lascivious glances conquer him  
 Hath still beene Lord of his affections?  
 Shall simpring nicenesse load stones but to fooles,  
 Attract a knowing spirit? it shall, it does.



Not *Phœbus* rising from *Aurora's* lap,  
Spreads his bright raies with more majestique grace,  
Then came the glances from her quickning eye,  
And what of this. *Con.* By my troth I know not.

*Bon.* I will not enter: continued flames burne strong.  
I yet am free, and reason keepes her seate  
Above all fond affections, yet is she faire.

*Enter Adrian.*

*Adr.* Sir I bring you thanks for this great curtesie,  
And if you please to enter I dare presume,  
My mistress will afford you gracious welcome.

*Bon.* How do men call your mistress *Con.* The mans in love.

*Adr.* Her name sir is Mistress *Changeable*, late wife  
To master *Tafata* Mercer deceast.

*Bon.* I have heard she is both rich, and beautifull.

*Adr.* In th'eys of such as love her, judge your selfe,  
Please you but pricke forward, and enter.

*Con.* Now will I fall a boord the waiting maide,

*Adr.* Fall a boord of me; doost take me for a Ship?

*Con.* I, and will shoote you betwixt wind, and water.

*Adr.* Blurt master gunner, your linstocks too short.

*Con.* Foote how did she know that, doost heare sweet heart,  
Should not the page be doing with the maid,  
Whilst the master is busie with the mistress,  
Please you pricke forwards, thou art a wench  
Likely to goe the way of all flesh shortly.

*Adr.* Whose witty knave art thou? *Con.* At your service.

*Adr.* At mine faith, I should breetch thee. *Con.* How breetch

*Adr.* I breetch thee, I have breetcht a taler man, (me.  
Then you in my time, come in, and welcome.

*Con.* Well I see now a rich well-practis'd baud,  
May purse more fees in a summers progresse,  
Then a well traded Lawyer in a whole terme,  
Pandarisme! why't is growne a liberall science  
Or a new sect, and the good professors,  
Will like the Brownist frequent gravell pits shortly,  
For they use woods, and obscure holes already.

*Enter Tafata, and Boucher.*

Not marry a widow. *Bon.* No. *Taf.* And why?

Belike

Belike you thinke it base, and servant-like,  
 To feede upon reversion, you hold us widowes,  
 But as a pie thrust to the lower end  
 That hath had many fingers int before,  
 And is reseru'd for grosse, and hungry stomacks.

*Bon.* You much mistake me. *Taf.* Come in faith you do :  
 And let me tell you thats but ceremony,  
 For though the Pie be broken up before,  
 Yet sayes the proverbe, the deeper is the sweeter.  
 And though a Capons wings, and legges be caru'd,  
 The flesh left with the rumpe I hope is sweete,  
 I tell you sir, I have beene wooed, and sued too,  
 By worthy Knights of faire demeanes : nay more,  
 They have bin out of debt, yettill this houre,  
 I neyther could endure, to be in love  
 Or be beloved, but proferd ware is cheape.  
 Whats lawfull thats loathd, and things denied,  
 Are with more stronger appetite persude :  
 I am too yeelding. *Bon.* You mistake my thoughts :  
 But know thou wonder of this continent,  
 By one more skild in unknowne fate, then was,  
 The blind *Achaian* Prophet, it was foretold,  
 A widow should indanger both my life,  
 My soule, my lands, and reputation.  
 This checks my thoughts, & coolesth' essentiall fire,  
 Of sacred love ; more ardent in my breast  
 Then speech can utter. *Taf.* A triviall idle jeast,  
 Tis for a man, of your repute, and note,  
 To credit fortune-tellers, a petty rogne,  
 That never saw five shillings in a heape,  
 Will take upon him to divine mens fate,  
 Yet never knowes himselfe shall dy a begger,  
 Or be hanged up for pilfering table-cloaths,  
 Shirts, and smocks, hanged out to dry on hedges,  
 Tis meerely base, to trust them, or if there be,  
 A man in whom the *Delphicke* god hath breath'd  
 His true divining fire ; that can foretell,  
 The fixt decree of fate, he likewise knowes,  
 What is within the everlasting booke



MERRY-TRICKS.

Of Destiny decreed, cannot by wit,  
Or mans invention be dissolved, or shund,  
Then give thy love free scope, inbrace, and kisse,  
And to the distaffe sisters leave th'event.

*Bon.* How powerfull are their words whom we affect,  
Small force shall need, to win the strongest fort,  
If to his state the Captaine be perfidious.  
I must intreate you licence my depart

For some few houres. *Taf.* Choose what you will of time,  
There lies your way. *Bon.* I will intreate her, stay,

*Taf.* Did you call sir? *Bon.* No. *Taf.* Then fare you well.

*Bon.* Who gins to love, needs not a second Hell. *Ent. Adr.*

*Taf.* *Adriana* makes a no stay. *Adr.* Mistris.

*Taf.* I pray thee see if he have left the house,  
Peepe close; see, but be not scene : is a gon.

*Adr.* No, has made a stand. *Taf.* I prethee keepe close.

*Adr.* Nay keepe you close, ya'd best. *Taf.* What does he

*Adr.* Now a retires. *Bon.* O you much partiall gods! (now?)  
Why gave you men affections, and not a power  
To governe them? what I by fate should shun,  
I most affect, a widow, a widow.

*Taf.* Blowest the wind there. *Adr.* A ha, h'is in ifaith,  
Yo've drawne him now within your purlew's mistresse.

*Bon.* Tut I will not love, my rationall  
And better parts shall conquer blind affections,  
Let passion, children, or weake women sway,  
My love shall to my judgment still obey.

*Taf.* What does he now? *Adr.* H'is gon. *Taf.* Gon *Adriana*?

*Adr.* A went his way, and never lookt behind him.

*Taf.* Sure he's taken. *Adr.* A little sing'd or so,  
Eeach thing must have beginning, men must prepare  
Before they can come on, and show their loves  
In pleasing sort : the man must doe in time,  
For love good Mistresse is much like to waxe,  
The more 'tis rub'd, it sticks the faster too,  
Or like a Bird in bird-lime, or a pit-fall,  
The more a labours, still the deeper in.

*Taf.* Come thou must helpe me now, I have a trick  
To second this beginning, and in the nicke,



MERRY-TRICKS.

To strike it dead ifaith, women must wooe,  
When men forget what nature leades them too.

*Enter Throte the Lawyer from his study, bookes, and bags  
of money on a table, a chaire, and cushion.*

*Thr.* Chast *Phæbe*, *splende*: there's that left yet,  
Next to my booke, *Claramicante Auro*,  
I that's the soule of Law: that's it, that's it,  
For which the Buckrome bag must trudge all weathers,  
Though scarcely fild with one poore replication,  
How happy are we that we joy the Law,  
So freely as we doe; not bought, and sould,  
But clearly given, without all base extorting,  
Taking but bare ten Angels for a fee,  
Or upward: to this renown'd estate,  
Have I by indirect, and cunning meanes,  
In-woven my selfe, and now can scratch it out,  
Thrust at a barre, and cry my Lord as lowd,  
As ere a list'd gowne-man of them all.

I never plead before the honor'd bench,  
But bench right-worshipfull of peacefull Iustices  
And Country-Gentlemen, and yet I've found  
Good gettings by the Masse, besides od cheates,  
*Will Small-shankes* lands, and many garboyles more.

*Dash. Dash.* Sir. *Thr.* Is that reioynder done? *Da.* Done sir.

*Thr.* Have you drawn't at length, have you dash't it out,  
According to your name. *Daf.* Some seaven score sheetes.

*Thr.* Is the demurror drawne twixt *Snipe*, and *Woodcocke*,  
And what do you say to *Peacocks* pitifull bill?

*Daf.* I have drawne his answer negative to all.

*Thr.* Negative to all? The plaintive sayes,  
That *William Goose*, was sonne to *Thomas Goose*,  
And will a sweare the generall bill is false?

*Daf.* A will. *Thr.* Then he forswears his father, tis well,  
Some of our clients will go prig to hell  
Before our selves; has a paide all his fees?

*Daf.* A left them all with me. *Thr.* Then trusse my points,  
And how thinkst thou of Law? *Daf.* Most reverently,  
Law is the worlds great light, a second sunne,  
To this terrestiall Globe, by which all things

Have



# MERRY-TRICKS.

Have life, and being, and without which  
Confusion, and disorder soone would seaze  
The generall state of men, warres, outrages,  
The ulcerous deeds of peace, it curbes, and cures,  
It is the Kingdomes eye, by which shee sees  
The acts, and thoughts of men. *Thr.* The Kingdomes eye,  
I tell thee foole, it is the Kingdomes nose,  
By which she smells out all these rich transgressors,  
Nor ist of flesh, but meerely made of wax,  
And 'tis within the power of us Lawyers,  
To wrest this nose of wax which way we please :  
Or it may be as thou saist an eye indeed.

But if it be, tis sure a womans eye *Knocks within.*  
That ever rowling. *Daf.* one knocks. *Thr.* Go see who tis,  
Stay, my chaire, and gowne, and then go see who knocks.  
Thus must I seeme a Lawyer which am indeed,  
But meerly dregs, and off-scum of the Law, *Ent. Bou. Daf.*  
*I tricesimo primo Alberti Magni,* and *Const.*  
Tis very cleere. *Bou.* God save you sir.

*Thr.* The place is very pregnant, Master *Boucher* ;  
Most hartly welcome sir. *Bou.* You ply this geere,  
You are no trewant in the Law, I see.

*Thr.* Faith some hundred bookes in folio I have  
Turned over to better my owne knowledge,  
But that is nothing for a student.

*Bou.* Or a Stationer they turne them over too,  
But not as you doe gentle Master *Throte*,  
And what ? the Law speakes profit does it not ?

*Thr.* Faith some bad angels hant us now, and then,  
But what brought you hether. *Bou.* VVhy these small legs.

*Thr.* You are conceited sir. *Bou.* I am in Law,  
But let that goe, and tell me how you doe,  
How does *Will Small-shankes*, and his lovely bride.

*Thr.* Introth you make me blush, I should have askt,  
His health of you, but tis not yet too late.

*Bou.* Nay good sir *Throat* forbear your quilllets now.

*Thr.* By heaven I deale most plaine, I saw him not,  
Since last I tooke his Mortgage. *Bou.* Sir be not nice,  
(Yet I must needs herein commend your love )



# MERRY-TRICKS.

To let me see him; for know I know him wed,  
And that a stole away *Somerfields* heire,  
Therefore suspect me not, I am his friend.

*Thr.* How wed to rich *Somerfields* onely heire,  
Is old *Somerfield* dead? *Bon.* Do you make it strange?

*Thr.* By heaven I know it not. *Bon.* Then am I grieved  
I spake so much (but that I know you love him)  
I should intreat your secrecie sir, fare you well.

*Thr.* Nay good sir stay, if ought you can disclose  
Of Master *Small-shankes* good, let me partake,  
And make me glad in knowing his good hap.

*Bon.* You much indeere him, sir, and from your love,  
I dare presume you make your selfe a fortune  
If his faire hopes proceed. *Thr.* Say on good sir.

*Bon.* You will be secret. *Thr.* Or be my tongue torne out.

*Bon.* Measure for a Lawyer, but to the point,  
Has stole *Somerfields* heire, hether a brings her,  
As to a man on whom a may rely  
His life, and fortunes: you hath a named  
Already for the Steward of his Lands,  
To keepe his Courts, and to collect his rent,  
To let out Leases, and to raise his fines,  
Nothing that may, or love, or profit bring,  
But you are named the man. *Thr.* I am his slave,  
And bound unto his noble curtesie,  
Even with my life, I ever said a would thrive,  
And I protest I kept his forfeit mortgage,  
To let him know what tis to live in want.

*Bon.* I thinke no lesse, one word more in private.  
*Con.* Good Master *Dash*, shall I put you now a case.

*Dash.* Speake on good Master *Page*. *Con.* Then thus it is,  
Suppose I am a Page, he is my Master,  
My Master goes to bed, and cannot tell  
What money's in his hose, I ere next day  
Have filcht out some, what action lyes for this?

*Dash.* An action boy, cald firking the Posteriors.  
With us your action sildome comes in question:  
For that tis knowne that most of your Gallants  
Are sildome so well stor'd, that they forget



MERRY TRICKS.

What money's in their hose, but if they have  
 There is no other helpe then sweare the page  
 And put him to his oath. *Con.* Then feeks-Law,  
 Dost thinke he has conscience to steale,  
 Has not a conscience likewise to deny?  
 Then hang him up ifaith. *Bo.* I must meete him,  
*Thr.* Commend me to them, come when you will,  
 My doores stand open, and all within is theirs,  
 And though Ram-alley stinks with Cookes, and Ale,  
 Yet say ther's many a worthy Lawyers Chamber,  
 Buts upon Ram-alley. I have still an open throat,  
 If ought I have which may procure his good,  
 Bid him command, I, though it be my bloud. *Exit.*

Actus Secundi. Scena Prima.

*Enter Oliver Small-shanke, Tho. Small-shanke.*

*S. Ol.* Is this the place you were appointed to meete him?

*Th. S.* So Boucher sent me word. *O. S.* I finde it true,  
 That wine, good newes, and a yong wholesome wench  
 Cheere up an old mans bloud, I tell thee boy,  
 I am right hartly glad, to heare thy brother  
 Hath got so great an heire; now were my selfe,  
 So well bestowed I should rejoyce ifaith.

*T. S.* I hope you shall do well. *S. O.* No doubt, no doubt,  
 A firra has a borne the wench away.  
 My sonne ifaith, my very sonne ifaith,  
 VVhen I was yong, and had an able backe,  
 And wore the brissell on my upper lip,  
 In good *Decoram* I had as good conveyance,  
 And could have ferd, and ferkt y away a wench,  
 As soone as ere a man alive; tut boy,  
 I had my winks, my becks, treads on the toe,  
 VVrings by the fingers, smyles, and other quirkes,  
 Noe Courtier like me, your Courtiers all are fooles,  
 To that which I could doe, I could have done it boy.  
 Evento a haire, and that some Ladies know.

*Th. S.* Sir I am glad this match may reconcile,  
 Your love unto my brother. *S.* O. Tis more then so.  
 Ile seeme offended still though I am glad.

*Enter*



# MERRY-TRICKS.

*Enter W. Small-shanke, Francis, Beard booted.*

Has got rich *Sommer-fields* heire. *W.S.* Come wench of gold,  
For thou shalt get me gold, besides odde ends  
Of silver : weele purchase house, and land,  
By thy bare gettings, wench, by thy bare gettings,  
How saiest Lieutenant *Beard*, does she not looke  
Like a wench newly stole from a window ?

*Beard* Exceeding well she carries it by *love*,  
And if she can forbear her Rampant tricks,  
And but hold close a while twill take by *Mar*.

*Fra.* How now you slave ? my rampant tricks you rogue ?  
Nay feare not me : my onely feare is still,  
Thy filthy face betrayes us, for all men know,  
Thy nose stands compasse like a bow,  
VVhich is three quarters drawne, thy head  
VVhich is with greasy haire ore-spred,  
And being uncurld, and blacke as Cole,  
Doth shew some scullion in a hole  
Begot thee on a Gipsie, or  
Thy mother was some Colliers whore :  
My rampant tricks you rogue, thou'lt be describe  
Before our plot be ended. *W.S.* VVhat should descry him,  
Vnlesse it be his nose ? and as for that,  
Thou maist protest a was thy fathers butler,  
And for thy love is likewise runne away,  
Nay sweete Lieutenant now forbear to pusse,  
And let the brissels of thy beard grow down-ward,  
Reverence my Punke, and Pandarize a little,  
Ther's many of thy ranke that doe professe it,  
Yet hold it no disparagment. *Bea.* I shall doe,  
VVhat fits an honest man. *W.S.* VVhy ? thats enough,  
Foote my Father, and the goose my brother,  
Backe you two. *Bea.* Backe. *W.S.* Retire sweete Lieutenant,  
And come not on, till I shall wave you on.

*S.O.* Is not that he. *T.S.* Tis he. *S.O.* But wheret the—

*W.S.* It shalbe so, Ile cheate him, thats flat.

*S.O.* You are well met, know yee me good sir,  
Belike you thinke I have no eyes, no eares,  
No nose to smell, and winde out all your tricks,



MERRY-TRICKS.

Y<sup>e</sup> have stole fir *Somerfields* heire, may we can finde,  
Your wildest parts, your turnings, and returnes,  
Your traces, squats, the mussers, formes and holes  
You yongmen use, if once our sagest wits  
Be set a hunting, are you now crept forth,  
Have you hid your head within a suburbe hole  
All this while, and are you now crept forth?

*W. S.* 'Tis a starke lie. *S. Ol.* How? *W. S.* who told you so  
Foote, a Gentleman cannot leave the City (did lie,  
And keepe the suburbs to take a little Physicke,  
But straite some slave will say he hides his head;  
I hide my head within a suburbe hole,  
I could have holes at Court to hide my head,  
Were I but so disposd. *Sir Ol.* Thou varlet Knave,  
T<sup>h</sup>ast stolne away Sir *John Somerfields* heire,  
But never looke for countenance from me,  
Carry her whether thou wilt. *W. S.* Father, father  
Zart will you undoe your posterity?  
Will you sir undoe your posterity?  
I can but Kill my brother, then hang my selfe,  
And where is then your house, make me not despare,  
Foote now I have got a wench, worth by the yeere  
Two thousand pound, and upwards, to crosse my hopes:  
Would ere a clowne in Christendome deo't but you?

*Th. S.* Good father, let him leave this thundring,  
And give him grace. *W. S.* Way Law, my brother knowes  
Reason, and what an honest man should doe. (behind,

*S. Ol.* Well, where's your wife? *W. S.* Shees comming here

*S. Ol.* Ile give her some-what, though I love not thee.

*W. S.* My father right, I knew you could not hold  
Out long with a woman, but give some-thing  
Worthy your gift, and her acceptance father,  
This chaine were excellent by this good light,  
Shee shall give you as good, if once her Lands

*Enter Francis, Beard.*

Come to my fingring. *S. O.* Peace Knave, whats she your wife?

*W. S.* That shall be fir. *S. Ol.* And whats he? *W. S.* My man.

*S. Ol.* A Russian Knave a is. *W. S.* A Russian fir,

By heaven, as tall a man as ere drew sword,



MERRY-TRICKS.

Not being counted of the damned crew,  
A was her fathers butler, his name is *Beard*,  
Off with your Maske, now shall you finde me true.  
And that I am a sonne unto a Knight,  
This is my father. *S.Ol.* I am indeed faire maide,  
My stile is Knight: come let me Kisse your lips.

*W.S.* That Kisse shall cost your chaine. *S.O.* It smacks ifaith,  
I must commend your choise: *Fra.* Sir I have given  
A larger venture then true modesty  
Will well allow, or your more graver wit  
Commend. *W.S.* I dare be sworne she has. *S.Ol.* Not so, for  
The foolish Knave ha's beene accounted wilde,  
And so have I, but I am now come home,  
And so will he. *Fra.* I must beleeve it now.

*W.S.* Beg his chaine wench. *Be.* Will you cheat your father?

*W.S.* I by this light will I. *S.Ol.* Nay sigh not,  
For you shall finde him loving, and me thankfull:  
And were it not a scandall to my honour,  
To be consenting to my sonnes attempt,  
You should unto my house, meane while take this,  
As pledge, and token of my after love:  
How long since dyed your father? *W.S.* Some six weeks since  
We cannot stay to talke, for slaves pursue,  
I have a house shall lodge us till the Priest  
May make us sure. *S.Ol.* Well sirra, love this woman,  
And when you are man, and wife, bring her to me,  
Shee shall be welcome. *W.S.* I humbly thanke you sir.

*S.Ol.* I must be gone, I must a wooing too.

*W.S.* Love, and *Priapus* speed you, youle retorne?

*Exit sir Oliver, and Thom. Small-thanke.*

*Th.S.* Instantly. *W.S.* Why this came cleanly off,  
Give me the chaine, you little Cockatrice,  
Why this was lucke, foote foure hundred Crownes,  
Got at a clap, hold still your owne you whore,  
And we shall thrive. *Be.* I was bravely fetcht about.

*W.S.* I, when will your nose, and beard performe as much?

*Fra.* I am glad he is gon, a put me to the blush,  
When a did aske me of rich *Somerfields* death.

*W.S.* And tooken not I my q<sup>d</sup> wast not good?



MERRY TRICKS.

Did I not bring you off, you arrant drab, without a counterbuffle? looke who comes heere, And three merry men, and three merry men, And three merry men be wee a.

*Enter Butcher, and Constantia.*

*Bon.* Still in this vaine? I have done you service, The Lawyers house will give you entertainment, Bountifull, and free. *W. S.* O my second selfe, Come let me busse thy beard, we are all made, VVhy art so melancholly, doost want money? Looke heer's gold, and as we passe along, Ile tell thee how I got it, not a word But that shee's *Somerfields* heire, my brother Swallowes it with more ease; then a Dutchman Does flap-Dragons: a comes now to my Lawyers;

*Enter T. Small-shanke.*

Kisse my wife, good brother; she is a wench VVas borne to make us all. *Th. S.* I hope no lesse, Yo' are welcome sister into these our parts, As I may say. *Fra.* Thankes gentle brother.

*W. S.* Come now to Ram-alley. There shalt thou lye, Till I provide a Priest. *Bon.* O villany I thinke a will gull his whole generation, I must make one, since 'tis so well begun, Ile not forsake him, till his hopes be wonne. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Throte, and two Citizens.*

*Thr.* Then y'are friends? *Both.* VVe are, so please your worship?

*Thr.* 'Tis well, I am glad, keepe your money, for Law Is like a butlers box: while you two strive, That pickes up all your money, you are friends.

*Both.* We are so please you, both perfit friends. *Th.* Why No, Now to the next tap-House, there drinke downe this, And by the operation of the third pot, Quarrell againe, and come to me for Law.

Fare you well. *Both.* The gods conferne your wisdom. *Ex. Cit.*

*Thr.* VVhy so, there are tricks of the long fiftenees, To give counsell, and to take fees on both sides, To make 'em friends, and then to laugh at them, Why this thrives well, this is a common trickie;

VVhen



MERRY-TRICKS.

When men have spent a deale of money in Law,  
Then Lawyers make them friends: I have a trick  
To go beyond all these, if *Small-shanke* come  
And bring rich *Somerfields* heire, I say no more,  
But 'tis within this skone to goe beyond them.

*Enter Dash.*

*Daf.* Here are Gentlemen in haste would speake with you.

*Thr.* What are they? *Daf.* I cannot know them sir,  
They are so wrapt in Cloakes. *Thr.* Have they a woman?

*Daf.* Yes sir, but shee's Maskt, and in her rideing sute.

*Thr.* Goe, make haste, bring them up with reverence,  
Oh are they ifaith, has brought the wealthy heire:  
These stooles, and cushions stand not hand somly,

*Enter William Small-shanke, Boucher Thomas  
Small-shanke, Francis, and Beard.*

*W.S.* Blessè thee *Throte.* *Thr.* Master *Small-shanke* welcom.

*W.S.* Welcome love, Kisse this Gentlewoman, *Throte.*

*Thr.* Your worship shall command me *W.S.* Art not weary.

*Bou.* Can you blame her since she has rid so hard?

*Thr.* You are welcome Gentlemen, — *Dash.* *Daf.* Sir.

*Thr.* A fire in the great Chamber, quickly.

*W.S.* I that's well said, we are almost weary,  
But Master *Throte*, if any come to inquire  
For me, my brother, or this Gentlewoman,  
We are not here, nor have you heard of us,

*Thr.* Not a word sir, here you are as safe  
As in your fathers house. *T.S.* And he shall thanke you.

*W.S.* Th'art not merry love, good master *Throte*  
Bid this Gentlewoman welcome: she is one  
Of whom you may receive some courtesie  
In time: *Thr.* She is most hartly welcome,  
Wilt please you walke into another roome.  
Where is both bed, and fire, *W.Sm.* I, I, that that  
Good brother lead her in; Master *Throte*, and I  
Will follow instantly, now Master *Throte* *Exit.*

It rests within your power to pleasure me,  
Know that this same is sir *Ihon Somerfields* Heire,  
Now if she chance to question what I am,  
Say sonne unto a Lord, I pray thee tell her



MERRY-TRICKS.

I have a world of Land, and stand in hope  
To be created Barron, for I protest  
I was constrain'd to sweare it forty times,  
And yet shee'le scarce beleewe me. *Thr. Pauca sapienti,*  
Let me alone to set you out in length  
And breadth: *W.S.* I prethee doo't effectually:  
Shalt have a quarter share by this good light,  
In all she has, I prethee forget not  
To tell her the *Small-shankes* have beene dancers,  
Tilters, and very ancient Courtiers,  
And in request at Court since sir *Iohn short-hose*  
With his long filke stockings was beheaded,  
Vilt thou do this? *Thr.* Referre it to my care.

*W.Sm.* Excellent, Ile but shift my bootes, and then  
Goe seeke a Priest, this night I will be sure.  
If we be sure, it cannot be undone,  
Can it Master *Throte*? *Thr.* O sir not possible:  
You have many Precedents, and booke Cases for't,  
Be you but sure, and then let me alone.  
*Vivat Rex, currat Lex,* and Ile defend you.

*W.S.* Nay then hang care, come lets in. *Thr.* A ha,  
Have you stole her, *fallere fallentem non est fraus.* *Exit. W.S.*  
It shall goe hard but I will strip you boy.  
You stole the wench, but I must her injoy.

*Enter Mistris Taffata Adriana below.*

Come *Adriana*, tell me what thou think'st,  
I am tickled with conceit of marriage,  
And whom think'st thou (for me) the fittest husband,  
VWhat saist thou to yong *Boutcher*? *Adri.* A pretty fellow.  
But that his backe is weake. *Taf.* VWhat doost thou say  
To *Throte* the Lawyer? *Adri.* I like that well,  
VWere the Rogue a Lawyer, but he is none,  
He never was of any Inne-of-Court;  
But Inne of Chancery, where a was knowne,  
But onely for a swaggering whyfler,  
To keepe out rogues, and prentises, I saw him,  
When a was stockt for stealing the cookes fees.  
A Lawyer I could like, for tis a thing,  
VUsed by you Citizens wives, your husbands dead;



MERRY-TRICKS.

To get french hoods you straight must Lawyers wed.

*Taf.* What saist thou then to nimble sir *Oliv Small-shanke?*

*Adr.* Faith he must hit the haire: a fellow fit  
To make a pritty Cuckold: take an old man,  
Tis now the newest fashion, better be  
An old mans darling then a young mans warling,  
Take me the old briske Knight, the foole is rich,  
And will be strong enough to father children,  
Though not to get them. *Taf.* Tis true he is the man,  
Yet will I beare some dozen more in hand,  
And make them all my gulls, *Adr.* Mistris stand aside,

*Enter Bontcher, and Constantia.*

Young *Bontcher* comes, let me alone to touch him,

*Bou.* This is the house. *Con.* And thats the chamber maide.

*Bou.* Whers the widow gentle *Adriana?*

*Adr.* The widow sir is not to be spoken to.

*Bou.* Not spoke to? I must speake with her. *Adr.* must you?  
Come you with authority, or doe you come  
To sue her with a warrant that you must speake with her?

*Bou.* I would intreat it. *Adr.* O you would intreat it,  
May not I serve your turne? may not I unfold,  
Your secrets to my Mistris: love is your sute.

*Bou.* It is, faire creature. *Adr.* And why did you fall off  
When you perceived my mistris was so comming?  
D'you thinke she is still the same? *Bou.* I doe. *Adr.* Why so?  
I tooke you for a novice: and I must thinke,  
You know not yet the inwards of a woman,  
Doe you not know that women are like fish,  
Which must be strooke when they are prone to bite,  
Or all your labours lost? but sir walke here,  
And ile informe my Mistris your desires.

*Con.* Master *Bou.* boy. *Con.* come not you for love? *Bou.* I do.

*Con.* And you would have the widow. *Bo.* I would. *Con.* by  
I never saw one goe about his busines  
More untowardly: why sir, do not you know,  
That he which would be inward with the Mistris  
Must make a way first through the waiting maide?  
If youle know the widowes affections  
Feele first the waiting Gentle-woman, do it Master,



MERRY TRICKS.

Some halfe a dozen Kisses were not lost,  
Vpon this Gentle-woman, for you must know,  
These waiting-maides are to their mistresses  
Like Porehes unto doores; you passe the one  
Before you can have entrance at the other.  
Or like your musterd to your peece of brawne,  
If youle have one taste well you must not skorne  
To be dipping in the other, I tell you Master  
Tis not a few mens tales, which they preferre  
Vnto their Mistresses in compasse of a yeere,  
Be rul'd by me, untrusse your selfe to her,  
Out with all your love-sicke thoughts to her,  
Kisse her, and give her an angell to buy pinnes,  
And this shall sooner winne her Mistris love,  
Then all your protestations, sighes, and teares,

*Enter Taffata, Adriana.*

Here they come: to her bouldly Master,  
Doe, but daily not; thats the widowes phrase,

*Bon.* Most worthy faire such is the power of love,  
That now I come to accept your profer'd grace:  
And with submissive thoughts t'entreat a pardon  
For my so grosse neglect. *Taf.* Thers no offence,  
My mind is changed. *Adr.* I told you as much before.

*Con.* With a hey passe, with a re passe. *Bon.* Dearest of women,  
The constant vertue of your nobler minde,  
Speakes in your looks: Nor can you entertaine  
Both love, and hate at once. *Taf.* It is all in vaine,

*Adr.* You strive against the streame. *Co.* See the waiting maid.

*Bon.* Stand thou propitious indeare me to my love.

*Boutcher gives Adriana his purse secretly.*

*Adr.* Deare Mistresse turne to this Gentleman. I protest,  
I have some feeling of his constant love,  
Cast him not away; try his love. *Taf.* Why fir,  
With what audacious front can you intreat  
To injoy my love, which yet not two howres since,  
You scornefully refus'd? *Con.* Well fare the waiting maide,

*Bon.* My fate compeld me, but now farewell fond feare,  
My soule, my life, my Lands, and reputation,  
Ile hazard all, and prize them all beneath thee.

*Taf.*



MERRY-TRICKS.

*Taf.* Which I shall put to triall, lend me thy eare,

*Adr.* Can you love boy. *Co.* Yes. *Ad.* what or whom? *Co.* My

*Adr.* A pretty Knave, ifaith come home to night, (victuals:  
Shalt have a posset, and candid Eringoes.

A bed if neede be to, I love a life

To play with such babounes as thou. *Co.* indeede?

But doost thou thinke the widow will have my master?

*Ad.* He tell thee then, wo't come, *Con.* I wil. *Ad.* Remember.

*Taf.* Will you performe so much. *Bou.* Or lose my blond.

*Taf.* Make him subscribe it, and then I vow,  
By sacred *Vestaes* ever hallowed fire,

To take thee to my bed. *Bou.* Till then farewell. (Exit:

*Taf.* Hees worthy love whose vertues most excell.

*Adr.* Remember. What ist a match betwixt you Mistresse?

*Taf.* I have set the foole in hope, h'as undertooke  
To rid me of that fleshly Captaine *Face.*

Which sweares in tavernes, and all ordinaries,

I am his lawfull wife: he shall allay,

The fury of the Captaine, and I secure,

Will laugh at the disgrace they both indure. Exit.

Enter *Throate*, and *Francis*.

*Thr.* Open your case, and I shall soone resolve you,

*Fra.* But will you doe it truly? *Thr.* As I am honest.

*Fra.* This Gentleman whom I so much affect,  
I scarcely yet doe know, so blind is love

In things which most concernes it. As y'are honest,

Tell me his birth, his state, and farthest hopes.

*Thr.* He is my friend, and I will speake him truly,

He is by birth, sonne to a foolish Knight,

His present state I thinke will be the prison,

And farthest hope to be bailed out againe,

By sale of all your Land. *Fra.* O me accurst!

Has a no credit, Lands, and Mannors?

*Thr.* That lands he has lies in a faire Churchyard,

And for his manners they are so rude, and vile,

That scarce an honest man will keepe him company,

*Fra.* I am abused, coozened, and deceived.

*Thr.* Why thats his occupation: he will cheate,  
In a cloake lin'd with Velvet, a will prate



M E R R Y T R I C K S.

Faster then five barbers, and a taylor,  
 Ly faster then ten City occupiers,  
 Or cunning trades-men: goes a trust  
 In every taverne, where has spent a fagot,  
 Swears love to every whoore, squires baudes,  
 And takes up houses for them as their husbands:  
 A is a man I love, and have done much  
 To bring him to preferment. *Fra.* Is there no trust,  
 No honesty in men? *Thr.* Faith some there is,  
 And tis all in the hands of us Lawyers;  
 And women: and those women which have it,  
 Keepe their honesty so close, that not one  
 Amongst a hundred is perceived to have it.

*Fra.* Good sir, may I not by Law forsake him  
 And wed another, though my word be past  
 To be his wife? *Thr.* O questionlesse you may,  
 You have many Precedents, and booke-cases for't,  
 Nay though you were married by a booke-case  
 Of *Millesimossexcentesimo*, &c.

You may forsake your husband, and wed another,  
 Provided that some fault be in the husband:  
 As none of them are cleare. *Fra.* I am resolu'd,  
 I will not wed him, though I beg my bread.

*Thr.* All that I have is yours, and were I worthy  
 To be your husband. *Fra.* I thanke you sir,  
 I will rather wed a most perfidious Redshanke,  
 A noted jew, or some Mechanicke slave,  
 Then let him joy my sheets. *Thr.* A comes, a comes.

*Enter W. Smal. Butcher. T. Smal. Beard.*

*W.S.* Now my Virago, 'tis done, all's cock-sure,  
 I have a Priest will mumble up a marriage,  
 Without bell, booke, or candle, a nimble slave,  
 An honest Welsh-man that was a taylor,  
 But now is made a Curate. *Bea.* Nay y'are fitted.

*Bou.* Now Master Throate. *T.S.* Where's your spirit sister?

*W.S.* What all amors? whats the matter? do you heare?

*Bou.* Whats the reason of this melancholly?

*Thr.* By heaven I know not. *W.S.* Has the gudgin bit.

MERRY TRICKS.

*Fra.* He has been nibbling. *W. S.* Hold him to it wench,  
And it 'twill hit by heaven: why art so sad?  
Foote wench we will be married to night,  
VVeale sup at th'Myter, and from thence  
My brother, and we three will to the Savoy,  
VWhich done, I tell thee girle, wee le hand ore head,  
Goe to't pell mell for a Maiden head,  
Come yo'are lustly, you wenches are like bells,  
You give no musicke till you fee le the clapper,  
Come *Throte* a torch, we must be gon. *Fra.* Servant. *Exit.*

*Bea.* Mistris. *Fra.* VVe are undone. *Bea.* Now love forfend.

*Fra.* This fellow has no Land; and which is worse,  
He has no credit. *Bea.* How are we out-stript?  
Blowne up by wit of man? Let us be gone  
Home againe, home againe, our market now is done.

*Fra.* That were too great a scandall. *Thr.* Most true,  
Better to wed another then to returne  
VWith scandall, and defame: wed me a man  
VWhose wealth may reconcile your mothers love,  
And make the action lawfull. *Bea.* But where's the man?  
I like your counsell, could you show the man.

*Thr.* My selfe am he, might I but dare aspire  
Vnto so high a Fortune. *Bea.* Mistrisse, take the man,  
Shall we be baffled with faire promises  
Or shall we trudge, like beggers backe againe?  
No, take this wise, and vertuous man,  
VWho should a lose his legges, his armes his eares,  
His nose, and all his other members,  
Yet if his tongue be left, 'twill get his living,  
Take me this man. *Thr.* Thankes gentle master *Beard.*

*Fra.* 'Tis impossible, this night he meanes to wed me.

*Thr.* If not by Law, we will with power prevent it,  
So you but give consent. *Fra.* Lets heare the meanes.

*Thr.* Ile muster up my friends, and thus I cast it,  
VWhilst they are busie, you, and I will hence  
Directly to a Chapell, where a Priest  
Shall Knit the nuptiall Knot ere they persue us.

*Bea.* O rare invention! Ile aet my part,  
A owes me thirteene pound, I say no more,



# MERRY TRICKS.

But there be catch-poles : speake ist a match?

*Fra.* I give my liking. *Th. Dash.* *Daf.* fir *Th.* Get your sword  
And me my buckler, nay you shall know  
We are *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*,  
Bring my cloake, you shall thether, Ile for friends,  
Worship, and wealth the Lawyers state attends.  
*Daf.* we must beare some braine, to *Saint Johns streete*,  
Goerunne, fly : and a farre off enquire,  
If that the Lady *Somerfield* be there,  
If there, know what newes, and meete me strait  
At the Myter doore in fleet-streete, away,  
„To get rich wives, men must not use delay.

## Actus 3. Scena. 1.

*Enter fir Oliver Small-shanke, Iustice Tutchin.*

*In. Tu.* A hunting fir *Oliver*, and dry-foote to,

*S. Ol.* We old men have our crotchets, our conundrums,  
Our segares, quirks, and quibbles;  
As well as youth, *Iustice Tutchin* I goe,  
To hunt no Bucke, but Pricke a lusty Doe,  
I goe in truth a wooing. *I. T.* Then ride with me,  
Ile bring you to my sister *Somerfield*.

*S. Ol.* Iustice not so by her there hangs a Tale.

*I. Tu.* That's true indeed. *S. Ol.* She has a daughter.

*I. Tu.* And what of that? *S. Ol.* I likewise have a sonne,  
A villanous boy, his father up, and downe,  
What should I say, these Velvet bearded boyes  
Will still be doing, say what we old men can.

*I. Tu.* And what of this fir *Oliver*? be plaine.

*S. Ol.* A nimble spirited Knave, the villaine boy,  
Has one tricke of his fier, has got the wench.

Stolne your rich Sisters heire. *I. Tu.* *Somer-fields* heire?

*S. Ol.* Has done the deed, has pierc't the vessells head,  
And knowes by this the vintage. *I. Tu.* when should this be?

*S. Ol.* As I am by my counsell well informed,  
This very day. *I. Tu.* Tut it cannot be,

Some ten miles hence I saw the maide last night.

*S. Ol.* Maides may be maides to night, and not to morrow.

Women are free, and sell their maiden heads,

MERRY-TRICKS.

As men sell cloath by yard, and handfull,  
But if you chance to see your Sister widow,  
Comfort her teares, and say her daughters matcht,  
With one, that has a knocker to his father,  
An honest Noble Knight. *I. T.* Stand close Knight, close,  
And marke this Captaines humor, his name is *Puffe*.  
A dreames as a walkes, and thinkes no women

*Enter Captaine Puffe.*

Sees him but is in love with him. *P.* Twere brave,  
If some great Lady through a window spied me,  
And straight should love me, say she should send,  
5000 pound unto my Lodging,  
And crave my company: with that money,  
I would make three severall cloakes, and line them  
With blacke, Crimson, and tawny three pyl'd velvet,  
I would eat at *Chares* Ordinary, and dice  
At *Antonies*: then would I keepe my whore,  
In beaten velvet, and have two slaves to tend her.

*S. O.* Ha, ha, ha. *P.* What my case of Iustices,  
VVhat are you eaves-dropping, or doe you thinke,  
Your tawny coates with greecie facings here,  
Shall carry it? *for Oliver Small-shankes*,  
Know my name is *Puffe*, Knight, thee have I sought,  
To fright thee from thy wits. *I. T.* Nay good sir *Puffe*,  
VVe have too many mad men already.

*P.* How? I tell thee Iustice *Tutchin*, not all  
Thy baylifes, sergeants, busie Constables,  
Defendants, warrants, or thy Mittimusse,  
Shall save his throte from cutting, if he presume,  
To wooe the widow eclipsed *Tafata*,  
Shee is my wife by oath. Therefore take heede,  
Let me not catch thee in the widowes house,  
If I doe, ile pickethy head upon my sword,  
And pisse in thy very visnomy, beware, beware.  
Come there no more, a Captains word,  
Flies not so fierce as doth his fatall sword. *Exit Puffe.*

*S. O.* How like you this? shall we indure this thunder,  
Or goe no further? *I. T.* VVe will on sir *Oliver*,  
VVe will on, let me alone to touch him,



MERRY-TRICKS.

I wonder how my spirit did forbear,  
To strike him on the face : had this beene spoke,  
VVithin my Liberties, had dyed for it.

*Enter Capitaine Puffe.*

*S.O.* I was about to draw. *Puf.* If you come there,  
Thy beard shall serve to stufte those balls by which  
I get me heat at Tenice. *I. Th.* Is he gon? *Exit Puffe.*  
I would a durst a stood to this a while,  
VVell I shall catch him in a narrow roome,  
VVhere neyther of us can flinch ; If I do,  
Ile make him dance a trenchmoore to my sword.  
Come ile along with you to the widow.  
VVe will not be out-braved, take my word,  
VVeele not be wrongd while I can draw a sword. *Exit.*

*Enter Throze, and other Gentlemen.*

*Thr.* Let the Coach stay at show-Lane-end : be ready,  
Let the boote stand open, and when she's in :  
Hurry towards Saint Giles in the fields,  
As if the Divell himselfe were waggoner,  
Now for an arme of Oake, and heart of Steele,  
To beare away the wench, to get a wife,  
A gentlewoman, a maide, nay which is more,  
An honest maide, and which is most of all,  
A rich, and honest maide ; O Love O Love,  
For a man to wed such a wife as this,  
Is to dwell in the suburbs of heaven.

*1. Gen.* Is she so exquisite ? *Thr.* Sir she is rich,  
And a great heire. *2. Gen.* Tis the more dangerous,

*Thr.* Dangerous? Lord where be those gallant spirits?  
The time has beene when scarce an honest woman,  
Much lesse a wench could passe an Inne of Court,  
But some of the fry would have beene dooing  
VVith her : I knew the day when shreds a taylor,  
Comming once late by an Inne of Chancery ;  
VVas laid along, and muffled in his cloake,  
His wife tooke in, sticht up, turnd out againe,  
And he perswaded all was but in jest,  
Tut those brave boyes are gone, these which are left,  
Are wary lads, live poring on their bookes,

And

MERRY-TRICKS.

And give their linnen to their landresses,  
By tayle, they now can save their purses,  
I knew when every gallant had his man,  
But now a tweluepeny weekely Landresse,  
Will serve the turne to halfe a dozen of them,

*Enter Dash.*

Here comes my man what newes. *Daf.* As you would wish,  
The Lady *Somer-feld* is come to towne.  
Her horses yet are walking, and her men say,  
Her onely daughter is conveyd away.  
Noe man knowes how: now to it master,  
You, and your servant *Dash* are made for ever,  
If you but sticke to it now. *Thr.* Gentlemen,  
Now show your selves at full, and not a man,  
But shares a fortune with me if I speed.

*Enter William Small-shanke, Butcher, Thomas Small-shanke, Francis, and Beard with a torch.*

*1 Gen.* Tut feare not us, be sure you runne away,  
And weele performe the quarrell. *Thr.* Stand close, they come  
*W.S.* Art sure he will be here. *Fr.* Most sure. *W.S. Beard.* B. Sir.  
*W.S.* Beare up the torch, and keepe your way a pace  
Directly to the Savoy. *Th.* Have you a Licence,  
Looke to that brother before you marry,  
For feare the Parson lose his benefice.

*W.S.* Tut our Curattreaves no licence, a sweares  
His living came to him by a miracle,

*Bou.* How by miracle? *W.S.* Why a paid nothing fort,  
A sweares that few be free from symony,  
But onely *Welshmen*, and those a sayes to,  
Are but mountaine Priests. *Bou.* But hang him foole he lyes.  
Whats his reason? *S.W.* His reason is this,  
That all their livings are so rude, and bare,  
That not a man, will venter his damnation  
By giving money for them: a does protest,  
There is but two paire of hose, and shooes,  
In all his Parish. *1 Gen.* Hold up your light sir.

*Bea.* Shall I be taught how to advance my torch? (an asse.

*W.S.* Whats the matter Lievetenant? *2 Gen.* Your lievetenants

*Bea.* How an asse? diemen like dogs? *W.S.* hold Gentlemen.



*Bea.* An asse, an asse. *Th. S.* Hold brother hold, Lievetenant.  
Put up as you are men, your wife is gone. *(plot.)*

*W. S.* Gone? *Bon.* Gone. *W. S.* How, which way? this is some

*T. S.* Downe toward Fleet-bridge, *All.* Follow, follow, fol-

*1. Gen.* So has the wench, let us persue a lose, *(low. Ex.*

And see the event, this will proove good mirth;

When things unshapde shall have a perfit birth. *Exit.*

*Enter William Small-shanks, Boucher Thomas Small-*

*shanks, and Beard, their swords drawne*

*W. S.* Tis a thing impossible, they should be gon

Thus far, and we not see them. *T. S.* Vpon my life,

They went in by the Grey-hound, and so strooke,

Into Bride-well. *Bon.* What should she make there?

*Th. S.* Take water at the docke. *Bea.* Water at docke?

A fico for her Docke, youle not be ruld,

Youle still be obstinate, ile pawne my fate,

She tooke a long shew-Lane, and so went home.

*W. S.* Home? *Bea.* I home; how could she chooise but go,

Seeing so many naked tooles at once,

Drawne in the streete? *T. S.* VVhat scurvy lucke was this?

*W. S.* Come we will finde her, or weele fire the suburbes:

Put up your tooles, lets first a long shew-Lane,

Then straight up Holborne, if we finde her not,

Weele thence direct to Throtes: if she be lost,

I am undone, and all your hopes are crost. *Exit.*

*Enter sir Oliver Small-shanks Justice Tutchin,*

*Mistris Tafara, Adriana.*

*S. Ol.* Widow I must be short. *In. Tu.* sir Oliver

Will you shame your selfe, ha? You must be short,

Why what a word was that to tell a widow?

*S. Ol.* I meant, I must be brieft. *In. Tu.* Why say so then,

Yet thats almost as ill; go to, speake on.

*S. Ol.* V. Widow I must be brieft, what old men doe,

They must doe quickly, *Taf.* Then good sir do it,

VVidowes are sildome slow to put men to it.

*S. Ol.* And old men know their q's, my love you know,

Has bin protested long. and now I come,

To make my latest tender, an old growne Oake

Can keepe you from the raine, and stands as faire,

And

And portly as the best. *Taf.* Yet search him well,  
And we shall finde no pith or hearty timber  
To underlay a building. *In. Tu.* I would that Oake,  
Had beene a fire & forward good fir *Oliver*,  
Your Oake is naught: stick not too much to that.

*Sir Ol.* If you can like, you shall be Ladified,  
Live at the Court, and soone be got with child,  
What do you thinke we old men can do nothing & wels,

*In. Tu.* This was somewhat like: *Sir Ol.* You shall have Ie-  
A baboone, Parrat, and an Izeland Dog,  
And I my selfe to beare you company,  
Your joynter is five hundred pound by yere,  
Besides your Plate, your Chaines, and houshold stuffe,  
When envious fate shall change this mortall life.

*Taf.* But shall I not be over cloyde with love?  
*VVill* you not be too busie? shall I keepe  
My Chamber by the month, if I be pleas'd  
To take Phy sicke, to send for Visitants,  
To have my maide read *Amadis de Gaule*,  
Or *Donzel del Phæbo* to me? shall I have  
A Carotch of the last edition,  
The Coatch-mans seate a good way from the Coatch,  
That if some other Ladies, and my selfe  
Chance to talke bawdy, he may not over-heare us?

*S. Ol.* All this, and more. *Taf.* Shall we have two chambers?  
And will you not presume unto my bed,  
Till I shall call you by my waiting-maide?

*S. Ol.* Not I by heaven. *Taf.* And when I send her,  
*VVill* you not intice her to your lust,  
Nor tumble her before you come to me?

*Adr.* Nay let him do his worst, make your match sure,  
And feare not me, I never yet did feare,  
Any thing my master could doe to me.

*Taf.* *VVhat* noife is that, goe see *Adriana*,  
And bring me word: I am so haunted  
*VVith* a swaggering Captaine, that sweares, god blesse us,  
Like a very *Tarmagant*, a Raskall Knave,  
That saies he will kill all men, which seeke to wed me. *Enter*

*Adr.* O Mistresse! Captaine *Puffe* halfe drunke, is now



MERRY-TRICKS.

Comming up staires. *S. Ol.* O God have you no roome,  
Beyond this Chamber? has sworne to Kill me,  
And pisse in my very visnomy.

*Taf.* What are you afraid Sir *Oliver*? *S. Ol.* Not afraid,  
But of all men I love not to meddle with a Drunkard:  
Have you any roome backwards! *Taf.* None sir.

*In. Tu.* Is there nere a truncke or Cupboarde for him,  
Is there nere a hole backwards to hide him in?

*Cap. Pu.* I must speake with her. *Sir Ol.* O God a comes.

*Adr.* Creepe under my Mistris Farthingale Knight.  
Thats the best, and safest place in the Chamber.

*In. Tu.* I there, there that he will never mistrust.

*Adr.* Enter Knight, keepe close, gather your selfe  
Round like a Hedg-hog, stir not what ere you heare,  
See or smell Knight. God blesse us, here a comes. *Enter C. Pu.*

*Ca. Pu.* Blesse thee widow, and wife. *Taf.* Sir get you gon  
Leave my house or I will have you conjur'd  
With such a spell you never yet have heard of,  
Have you no other place to vent your froth,  
But in my house? is this the fittest place,  
Your Captaine-ship can finde to pusse in ha?

*Ca. Pu.* How? am I not thy spouse? didst thou not say,  
These armes should clip thy naked body fast  
Betwixt two linnen sheets, and be sole Lord  
Of all thy puter-worke? thy word is past.  
And know, that man is Poulder, Dust, and Earth,  
That shall once dare to thinke thee for his wife.

*Taf.* How now you slave, one call the Constable,

*C. Pu.* No Constable with all his Holberdiers,  
Dare once advance his head or peepe up staires,  
If I cry but keepe downe: have I not liv'd,  
And martcht on sieged walls,  
In thunder, lightening, raine, and snow,  
And eeke in shotte of pondered balls,  
Whose costly markes are yet to shew.

*Taf.* Captaine Face, for my last husbands sake,  
With whom you were so familiarly acquainted,  
I am content to winke at these rude trickes,  
But hence, trouble me no more, if you doe,

I shall lay you fast, where you shall see,  
 No Sunne or Moone *C.Pu.* Nor yet the Northern Pole,  
 A fise for the Sunne, and Moone, let me live in a hole,  
 So these two starres may shine. *Taf.* Sir get you gon,  
 You swaggering cheating turne-bull-streete rogue.  
 Or I will hale you to the common-jayle,  
 Where Lice shall eat you. *C.Pu.* Go to, I shall spurne,  
 And flash your petty-coate. *Taf.* Runne to the Counter,  
 Feich me a red-bearded Sergeant, ile make  
 You Captaine thinke the Devill of Hell is come,  
 To fetch you, if he once fasten on you.

*C.Pu.* Dambethee, and thy Sergeants, thou Mercers Runke.  
 Thus will I Kicke thee, and thy Farthingales.  
*S.Ol.* Hold Captaine *C.Pu.* What doe you cast your whelps,  
 What have I found you sir? have not I plac'd  
 My Sakers, Culverings, Demi-culverings,  
 My Cannons, Demi-cannons, Basilisks,  
 Vpon her breach, and do I not stand,  
 Ready with my Pike to make my entry,  
 And are you come to man her? *S.Ol.* Good Captaine hold.

*C.Pu.* Are not her Bulworkes, Parapets, Trenches,  
 Scarfes, Counter-scarfes, Fortifications,  
 Curtaines, Shaddowes, Mines, Counter-mines,  
 Rampires, Forts, Ditches, Workes, water-Workes,  
 And is not her halfe-Moone-mine, and do you bring,  
 A rescue good man Knight? *Taf.* Call up my men, *Enter 2. or*  
 Where be these Knaves, have they no cares or hearts, *3. with*  
 Beare hence this rascall, some other fetch a warrant, *Clubs.*  
 Ile teach him know himselfe. *I.Tu.* Downe with the slave,

*S.O.* Tis not your beard shall carry it, downe with the rogue

*C.Pu.* Not *Hercules* gainst twenty. *I.Tu.* A sirra, *Ex. Face,*  
 I know my hands no longer could forbear him,  
 Why did you not strike the Knave, sir *Oliver?*

*S.Ol.* Why so I did, *In.Tu.* But then it was too late,

*S.Ol.* What would you have me do when I was downe,  
 And he stood thundering with his weapon drawne,

*Enter Adriana.*

Ready to cut my throate! *Adr.* The rogue is gone,  
 And hee's one from the Lady *Somerfield,*



MERRY TRICKS.

To intreat you come with all the speed you can,  
To Saint *Iohns Streete*. I. *Th*. Which I will do. *Th*. Gentlemen  
I am sorry you should be thus disturbed  
VVithin my house, but now all feare is past,  
You are most welcome: supper ended,  
Ile give a grations answer to your sute,  
Meane while let nought dismay, or keepe you mute. *Exit*.

*Enter Throte, Francis, and Dash.*

*Thr*. Pay the Coach-man *Dash*, pay him well,  
And thanke him for his speed. Now *Vivat Rex*,  
The Knot is Knit which not the Law it selfe,  
VVith all his *Hydra* heads, and strongest nerves,  
Is able to disioyne: Now let him hang,  
Fret out his guts, and sweare the starres from heaven,  
A never shall enjoy you, you shall be rich.  
Your Lady mother this day came to towne  
In your pursute: we will but shift some ragges,  
And straight go take her blessing. *Fra*. That must not be,  
Furnish me with Iewels, and then my selfe,  
Attended by your man, and honest *Beard*,  
VVillthether first, and with my Lady mother  
Crave a peace for you. *Thr*. I like that well,  
Her anger some-what calmd, I briske and fine,  
Some halfe houre after will present my selfe  
As sonne in law unto her, which she must needs  
Accept with grations lookes. *Fra*. I when she knowes  
Before by me, from what an eminent plague  
Your wisdom has prefer'd me. *Thr*. I, that, that,  
That will strike it dead: but here comes *Beard*.

*Enter Beard.*

*Bea*. VVhat are you sure, tide fast by heart, and hand?

*Thr*. I now do call her wife, she now is mine,  
Sealed, and delivered by an honest Priest,  
At *Saint Giles* in the fields. *Bea*. God give you joy sir.

*Thr*. But where's mad *Small-shanks* *Bea*. O hard at hand,  
And almost mad with losse of his faire bride,  
Let not my lovely Mistrresse be seene,  
And see if you can draw him to compound

MERRY TRICKS.

For all his title to her, I have Sergeants  
Ready to doe the feate, when time shall serue.

*Thr.* Stand you aside deare love, nay I will firke  
My filly novice, as he was never firke  
Since Mid wives bound his needdle: here they come.

*Enter W. Small-shanks, Tho. Small-shanks, and Boutecher.*

*W.S.* O Master *Thrate*, unlesse you speake good newes,  
My hopes are croft, and I undone forever.

*Thr.* I never thought you'd come to other end,  
Your courses have bene alwayes so prophane,  
Extravagant, and base. *W.S.* Nay, good sir, heare.

Did not my love returne? came she not hether?  
For *Loves* love speake. *Thr.* Sir will you get you gon.

And seeke your love elsewhere? for know my house,  
Is not to entertaine such customers,

As you, and your comrades. *W.S.* Is the man mad,  
Or drunke? why master *Thrate* know you to whom.

You talke so sawcily? *Thr.* VVhy unto you,  
And to your brother *Small-shankes*, will you be gon?

*Bou.* Nay good sir hold us not in this suspence,  
Answere directly came not the Virgin hether?

*Thr.* VVill you be gon directly? are you mad?  
Come you to seeke a Virgin in Ram alley:

So neere an inne of Court, and amongst Cookes,  
Ale-men, and Landresses? why are you fooles?

*W.S.* Sir leave this firke of Law or by this light,  
Ile give your throte a slit, came she not hether?

Answere to that point. *Thr.* what have you lost her?  
Come doe not gull your friends. *W.S.* By heaven shees gon,

Unlesse she be returnd since we last left you.

*Thr.* Nay then I cry you mercy she came not hether,  
As I am an honest man, ist possible

A maide so lovely faire, so well demaend,  
Should be tooke from you? what you three,

So young, so brave, and valiant Gentlemen?  
Sure it cannot be. *T.Sm.* Afore god tis true.

*W.Sm.* To our prepetuall shame us now too true.  
*Thr.* Is she not left behind you in the taverne?  
Are you sure you brought her out? were you not drunke,

And



MERRY-TRICKS.

And so forgot her? *S.W.* A pox on all such lucke,  
I will finde her, or by this good light  
Ile fire all the City, come lets goe,  
VVho ever has her shall not long enjoy her,  
Ile proove a contract; lets walke the round.  
Ile have her if she keepe above the ground. *Exit:*

*Thr.* Ha, ha, ha, a makes me sport ifaith,  
The gull is mad, starke mad, *Dash* draw the bond,  
And a release of all his interest  
In this my loved wife. *Bon.* I be sure of that,  
For I have certaine goblins in buffe Ierkins, *Enter with the*  
Ly in ambuscado for him, *Off.* I arrest you fir, *Sergeants.*

*W.S.* Reskue, reskue. *Thr.* O he is caught. *W.S.* Ile give you  
Hang off honest catch-poles, *M Throte*, good, wise, (baile  
Learned, and honest master *Throte*, now, now,  
Now or never helpe me. *Throte.* Whats the matter?

*W.S.* Here are two retainers, hangers on fir,  
Which will consume more then ten liveries,  
If by your meanes they be not strait shooke off,  
I am arrested. *Thr.* Arrested? what's the summe?

*W.S.* But thirteene pound, due to *Beard* the Butler,  
Do but baile me, and I will save you harmelesse.

*Thr.* Why heer's the end of Riot: I know the Law,  
If you be baild by me, the debt is mine,  
Which I will undertake. *W.S.* Law there; Rogues,  
Foote I know he would not let me want  
For thirteene pounds. *Thr.* Provided, yon seale a release,  
Of all your claime to *Mistresse Somer-field*,

*W.S.* Sergeants do your kinde, hale me to the hole,  
Seale a release? Sergeants come, to prison,  
Seale a release for *Mistresse Somer field*?

First I will stinke in Iayle, be eate with Lice,  
Indure an object worse then the Devill himselfe,  
And that's ten Sergeants peeping through the grates  
Vpon my lowlie linnen: come to Iayle;  
Foote, a release? *T.S.* Ther's no conscience in it.

*Bon.* Tis a demand uncharitable. *Thr.* Nay choose.

*Fra.* I can hold no longer, impudent man.

*W.S.* My wife, foote my wife, let me go Sergeants.

*Fra.*

MERRY-TRICKS.

*Fra.* O thou perfidious man I darst thou presume  
To call her wife, whom thou so much hast wrong'd?  
What conquest hast thou got, to wrong a maide,  
A silly harmelesse maide: what glory ist  
That thou hast thus deceived a simple Virgin,  
And brought her from her friends? what honour wast  
For thee to make the butler lose his office  
And runne away with thee? Your tricks are knowne;  
Didst thou not sweare thou shouldst be Baroniz'd?  
And hadst both Lands, & fortunes, both which thou wantst.

*W.S.* Foote that's not my fault, I would have Lands  
If I could get em. *Fra.* I know your tricks,  
And know I now am wife unto this man.

*Om.* How? *Thr.* I thanke her sir, she has now vouchsafed  
To cast her selfe on me. *Fra.* Therefore subscribe  
Take some-what of him for a full release,  
And pray to God to make you an honest man,  
If not, I doe protest by earth, and Heaven,  
Although I starue, thou never shalt injoy me.

*Bea.* Her vow is past, nor will she breake her word;  
Looke to it mitcher. *Fra.* I hope a will compound.

*W.S.* Foote shall I give two thousand pound a yeere  
For nothing? *T.S.* Brother come be rul'd by me,  
Better to take a little then lose all.

*Bou.* You see shee's resolute, y' had best compound.

*W.S.* Ile first be damn'd ere I will lose my right,  
Vnlesse a give me up my forfeit mortgage,  
And baile me of this action. *Fra.* Sir you may choose,  
What's the mortgage worth? *W.S.* Lets have no whispering.

*Thr.* Some forty pounds a yeere. *Fra.* Doe it, doe it,  
Come you shall do it, we will be rid of him,  
At any rate. *Thr.* Dash, go fetch his mortgage,  
So that your friends be bound, you shall not claime  
Title, right, possession, in part or whole,  
In time to come, in this my loved wife:  
I will restore the mortgage, pay this debt,  
And set you free, *W.S.* I hey shall not. *Bou.* We will,  
Come draw the bonds, and we will soone subscribe them.

*Enter Dash.*



MERRIVALLS.

*Thr.* They're ready drawne; here's his release,  
Sergeants, let him goe. *Dash.* Here's the mortgage fir,

*W.S.* Was ever man thus cheated of a wife;  
Is this my mortgage. *Thr.* The very same fir.

*W.S.* Well I will subscribe, God give you joy,  
Although I have but little cause to wish it,  
My heart will scarce consent unto my hand.

Tis done. *Thr.* You give this as your deeds? *Omines.* We doe.

*Thr.* Certifie them. *Dash.* *W.S.* What am I free.

*Thr.* You are, Sergeants I discharge you.  
There's your fees. *Bea.* Not so, I must have money.

*Thr.* He passe my word. *Bea.* *Figure*, words are wind,  
I say I must have money. *Thr.* How much fir.

*Bea.* Three pounds in hand, and all the rest to morrow.

*Thr.* Ther's your summe, now officers be gon,  
Each take his way, I must to Saint Johns streete,  
And see my Lady-mother: Shee's now in towne,  
And we to her shall strait present our duties.

*T.S.* O love shall we loose the wench thus. *W.S.* Eventhus,  
Throte farewell, since 'tis thy lucke to have her,  
I still shall pray, you long may live together:

Now each to his affaires. *Thr.* Good night to all, *Exit.*

Deare wife step in, *Beard*, and *Dash* come hether:

Heere take this money: goe borrow Jewels

Of the next Gold-smith: *Beard* take thou these bookes,

Goe both to the Broakers in Fetter Lane,

Lay them in pawne for a velvet Jerken

And a double Ruffe, tell him, a shall have

As much for loane to night, as I do give

Usury for a whole circuit, which done

You two shall man her to her mothers: goe, *Exit.*

My fate looks big; me thinkes I see already,

Nineteen gold chaines, seventene great beards, and ten

Reverent bald heads, proclaime my way before me,

My Coatch shall now go prancing through Cheap-side,

And not be forst to hurry through the streetes,

For feare of Sergeants; nor shall I neede to try

Whether my wel-graft tumbling foot-cloth nag,

Be able to out-runne a wel-breath'd Catch-pole,

# MERRY FRICKS.

I now in pompe will ride, for tis most fit,  
He should have state that riseth by his wit.

*Enter for Ouer, Justice Tutchin, Taffara, Adriana.*

S.O. Good meate the belly fills, good wine the braine,  
Women please men, men please them againe,  
Ka me, Ka thee, one thing must rub another,  
English love Scottish men love each other.

I. Th. You say very right in Othello, very right,  
I have't in my noddle faith, That's all the fault  
Old justices have, when they are at feasts,  
They will bib hard. they will be fine Sun-burnt,  
Sufficient, fox'tor Columbo now, and then,  
Now could I sit in my chaire at home, and nod,  
A drunkard to the stocks, by vertue of  
The last statute rarely. Taff. Shy you are merry.

I. Th. I am indeed. Taff. Your supper is was light,  
But I hope you like you welcome. T. I doe,  
A light supper quoth you, pray God it be,  
Pray God I canny it cleane, I am sure it lyes  
As heavy in my belly as mortis lead,  
Yet Ile goe see my Sister Sam's field.

S.O. So late good Justice. I. Th. I even so late.  
Night is the mother of wit, as you may see,  
By Poets or rather Countables,  
In their examinations at mid night,  
Weele lie together without mannyng,  
Save the Curats fees, and the parish a labour,  
'Tis a thriving course. S.O. That may not be,  
For excommunications their will see.

I. Th. That's true, they fry indeed like wild geese,  
In flocks, one in the breath of another,  
But the best is a small matter makes them,  
And so farewell. S.O. Farewell good Justice Tutchin, Exit.  
Alasse good Gentleman his braines are craled,  
But let that passe : speake widow with a march,  
Shall we clap it up? Ad. Nay, I come to clapping,



M E R R Y T R I C K S.

Good night ifaith, Mistris looke before you,  
There's nothing more dangerous to maide or widow,  
Then suddaine clappings up, nothing has spoyled,  
So many proper Ladies, as clappings up :  
Your shittle-Coeke, striding from tables to ground,  
Onely to try the strength of the backe,  
Your riding a hunting, I thought they fell,  
With their heeles upward, and lay as if  
They were taking the height of some high steepe,  
With a crosse stasse; no nor your jumlings  
In horsflitters, coaches or carpatches,  
Have spoild so many women's clappings up.

S.O. Why then wee le chop it up. T. That's not allowed,  
Vnlesse you were sonne to a welch Curate;  
But faith sir Knight I have a kinde of Itching,  
To be a Lady, that I can tell you woocs,  
And can perswade with better rhetoricke,  
Then othes, wit, wealth, valour, lands, or person;  
I have some debts at Court, and marrying you,  
I hope the Courtiers will not sticke to pay me.

S.O. Never feare thy payment. This I will say  
For Courtiers, they le be sure to pay each other,  
How ere they deale with Citizens. T. Then heres my hand,  
I am your wife, condition we be joynd,  
Before to morrows sunne. S.O. Nay even so night  
So you be pleas'd, with little warning widow  
We old men can be ready, and thou shalt see,  
Before the time that chancidene  
Shall call, and tell the day is nere,  
When wenches lying on their backs,  
Receive with joy their love-holne smacks,  
VWhen maids awak't from their first sleepe,  
Deceiv'd with dreames begin to weepe,  
And thinke, if dreames, such pleasures know,  
What sport the substance them would show,  
VWhen Ladies gin white Limmes to spred,  
Her love but new stolne to her bed,  
His cotten shooes yet scarce put off,  
And dares not laugh, speake, sneeze, or cough,

VWhen

MERRY TRICKS.

VVhen precise dames begin to thinke,  
VVhy their grosse louting husbands rincke,  
VVhat pleasure twere then to enjoy,  
A nimble vicar, or a boy.

Before this time thou shalt behold,  
Me quaffing out our bryd-ale bole.

*Adr.* Then belike before the morning sunne  
You will be coupled. *Taf.* Yes faith *Adriana*.

*Adr.* VVell I will looke you shall have a cleane smocke,  
Provided that you pay the fee for *Oliver*,  
Since my Mistris, sir, will be a Lady,  
Ile lose no fees due to the waiting-maide.

*S.Ol.* VVhy is there a fee belonging to it?

*Adr.* A Knight, and never heard of smock-fees?  
I would I had the monopoly of them,  
So there were no impost set upon them: *Enter W. S.*

*S.Ol.* Whom have we here? what my mad headed sonne,  
What makes he here so late? say I am gon,  
And I the whilst will step behind the hangings.

*W.S.* God blisse thee parcell of mans flesh. *Taf.* How sir.

*W.S.* VVhy parcell of mans flesh, art not a woman?  
But widow, where's the old stinkard my father,  
They say widow you dance altogether  
After his Pipe. *Taf.* what then? *W.S.* Th'art a foole,  
Ile assure thee, there's no musicke in it.

*Taf.* Can you play better?

*W.S.* Better widow?

Bloud, dost thinke I have not learnt my prick-song?

VVhat not the Court prick-song? One up, and another downe

VVhy I have't to a haire, by this light,

I hope thou lovest him not. *Taf.* He marry him sir,

*W.S.* How marry him, foot art mad widow,

VVoot marry an old crased man,

VVith meager lookes, with visage wan,

VVith little legs, and crinckled thighes,

With chap-falne gummes, and deepe suncke eyes,

Why a Dog seazd on ten dayes by death

Stinkes not so loathsome as his breath,

Nor can a City common Jaques,



# MERRY TRICKS.

Which all mens breeches undertakes, as much as I can  
Yeeld fasting stomakes such a favour,  
As doth his breath, and ugly favour. *S. O. Rogue,*

*Adr.* Thats all one fir, she meanes to be a Lady.

*W.S.* Does she so, and thou must be her waiting woman.

Faith thou wilt make a fine dainty creature,  
To sit at a Chamber doore, and looke least  
In my Ladies dog, while she is showing  
Some slippery bright Courtier rare faces,  
In a by-window: foote widow,  
Marry me a yong, and compleate gallant.

*Tafa.* How a compleate gallant? what a fellow,  
VVith a hat tuckt up behinde, and what we use,  
About our hippes to keepe our coats from dabling,  
He weares about his necke, a farthingale,  
A standing coller to keepe his neate band cleane,  
The whilst his shirt doth stinke, and is more foule,  
Then an Inne of chancery table-cloath:  
His breeches must be pleited as if he had  
Some thirty pockets, when one poore halfe-penny purse,  
VVill carry all his treasure, his Knees all points,  
As if his legges, and hams were tied together,  
A fellow that has no inside, but prates  
By roate, as Players, and Parrets use to doe,  
And to define a compleat gallant right,  
A mercer form'd him, a taylor makes him,  
A player gives him spirit,

*W.S.* VVhy so in my conscience to be a Countesse,  
Thou wouldst marry a hedge-Hog: I must confesse,  
Tis state to have a coxe-combe Kisse your hands,  
VWhile yet the chamber-lly is scarce wipt off,  
To have an upright usher march before you  
Bare headed in a tufftafata jerkin,  
Made of your old cast gowne, shewes passing well,  
But when you feele your husbands pulses, thats hell,  
Then you fly out, and bid strait smockes farewell.

*Taf.* I hope fir what ere our husbands be,  
VVe may be honest *W.S.* May be, nay yare not  
VVomen, and honesty are as neere allied

MERRY TRICKS.

As parsons lives are to their Doctrines, wedded as they are,  
 One, and the same; but widow now bebold, for if you be  
 I hope the heavens will give thee better grace,  
 Then to accept the father, and I yet live, but as you are  
 To be bestowed if you wed the stinkard, and you shall not be  
 You shall finde the tale of *Tantalus*, who was so wretched  
 To be noe fable widow. S. O. How I sweate, my will  
 I can hold no longer, degenerate bastard,  
 I here disclaime thee, casheere thee, nay more, becaus  
 I disinherit thee both of my love, and of my name  
 And living, get thee a gray cloake, and hat like to a woman  
 And walke in *Pauls* among thy casheerd mates, thou shalt not  
 As melancholly as the best: *Taso* Come not neere me,  
 I forbid thee my house: my out houses,  
 My Garden, Orchard, and my back-side,  
 Thou shalt not harbor neere me. S. O. Nay to thy griefe,  
 Know varlet I will be wed this morning,  
 Thou shalt not be there nor once be grac'd,  
 VVith a peece of Rosemary, He casheere thee,  
 Do not reply I will not stay to heare thee,  
 W.S. Now may I goe put me on a cleane shirt,  
 And hang my selfe: foot who would have thought,  
 The Fox had earth'd so neere me; whats to be done,  
 VVhat Miracle shall I now undertake,  
 To winne respective grace with God, and men?  
 VVhat if I turn'd Courtier, and liv'd honest?  
 Sure that would doe; I dare not walke the streets,  
 For I dwindle at a Sergeant in buffe,  
 Almost as much as a new Player does,  
 At a plague bill cerusied forty,  
 VVell I like this widow, a lusty plompe drab,  
 Her substance both in bretch, and purse,  
 And pity, and sinne it were she should be wed  
 To a furd cloake, and a night-Cap. He have her,  
 This widow I will have her money,  
 Shall pay my debts, and set me up againe,  
 Tis here, tis almost forg'd, which if it take,  
 The world shall praise my wit, admire my fate. Exit.

Enter Beard, Duff, Francis, Sergeant, Drunkards, &c.



# MERRY-TRICKS.

*Bea.* Sergeants beware be sure you not mistake,  
For if you doe. *Dash.* she shall be quickly baild,  
She shall *corpus cum causa* be remoov'd,  
Your action entered first below shall shrinke,  
And you shall finde sir Sergeant she has friends,  
Will sticke to her in the common place. *Ser.* fir,  
Will you procure her bayle: *Bea.* She shall be bail'd,  
Drawer bring up some wine, use her well,  
Her husband is a Gentleman of sort,

*Ser.* A Gentleman of sort, why what care I:  
A woman of her fashion shall finde  
More kindnesse at a lusty Sergeants hand  
Then ten of your Gentlemen of sort.

*Dash.* Sir use her well, shee's wife to master *Throre*;

*Ser.* Ile use her fir as if she were my wife.  
Would you have any more? *Bea.* Drinke upon that,  
Whil'st we goe fetch her bayle: *Dash.* fellow *Dash.*  
With all the speed thou hast runne for our Master,  
Make haste lest he be gon before thou comest,  
To Lady *Somerfields*: Ile fetch another,  
She shall have bayle. *Dash.* And a firking writte  
Of false imprisonment, she shall be sure  
Of twelvecence damage, and five, and twenty pound  
For sutes in Law: Ile goe fetch my Masters

*Bea.* And I another *Ser.* Drawer leave the roome  
Here mistris a health. *Fra.* Let it come sweet Rogue.

*Dra.* I say you soe: then must I have an eye,  
These Sergeants feede on very good reversions,  
On Capons, teales, and sometimes on a wode-Cocke,  
Hot from the shrieves owne table, the Knaves feede well;  
Which makes them horrid letchers, *Fr.* This health is pledged  
An honest sergeant how does master *Gripe*, *The drawer*  
The Keeper of the Counter? I doe protest, *stands aside.*  
I found him alwaies favorable to me,  
A is an honest man, has often stood to me,  
And beene my friend, and let me goe a trust  
For victuall when a has denied it Knights,  
Lets pay, and then be gon, th'arrest you know  
Was but a trick to get from nimble *Dash.*

MERRY-TRICKS.

My husbands man: *Ser.* True but I have an action  
At sute of Mistris *Smell-snocke*, your *ghawdam* bande,  
The summe is eight good pound, for six weekes board,  
And five weekes loane for a red Taffata gowne,  
Bound with a silver Lace. *Fra.* I do protest, I did not  
By all the honesty twist thee, and me,  
I got her in that gowne in six weekes space  
Foure pound, and fourteene pence given by a Clarke  
Of an Inne of Chancery, that night I came,  
Out of her house, and does the filthy jade, boog  
Send to me for money: but honest sergeant,  
Let me see, and say thou didst not see me,  
He doe thee as great a pleasure shortly.

*Ser.* Shall we imbrace to night? *Fra.* Withall my heart.

*Ser.* Sit on my knee, and Kisse. *Enter Beard.*

*Bea.* What newes boy? why stand you Ceminell?

*Dra.* Do but conceale your selfe, and we shall catch  
My sergeant napping. *Bea.* Shall maides be here deflowred,

*Ser.* Now Kisse againe. *Dra.* Now, now. *Enter Cap. and*

*Bea.* Deflower virgins, rogue? avant ye slave, seeing the hurly  
Are maides fit subjects for a sergeants mace?

So now are we once more free: ther's for the wine. *Ex. Ser.*

Now to our Randevous: three pounds in gold  
These slops containe; wee le quaffe in Venice glasses,  
And sweare some Lawyers are but silly Asses. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Capitaine Face.*

*Cap.* Is the coast cleare, are these combustions ceast,  
And may we drinke Canary sacke in peace?

Shall we have no attendance here you rogues?

Where be these raskals that skip up, and downe,

Faster then virginal jackes? drawers. *Dra.* Sir.

*Cap.* On whom waite you sir rogue? *Dra.* Faith, Capitaine,

I attend a conventicle of Players.

*Cap.* How Players, what is there ere a cuckold among them?

*Dra.* Iove defend, else it stands with policy,

That one should be a notorious cuckold.

If it be but for the better keeping,

The rest of his company together.

*Cap.* When did you see sir *Theophrastus Slop*,



MERRY TRICKS.

The City Dog-master? *Dra.* Not to day sir.

*Cap.* What have you for my supper. *Dra.* Nothing ready, Vnlesse you please to stay the dressing. *Captaine.*

*Cap.* Zownes stay the dressing, you damned rogue, What shall I waite upon your greasie Cooke, And waite his leasure? go downe staires rogue, Now all her other customers be ser'd,

Aske if your mistresse have a snip of Mutton Yet left for me. *Dra.* Yes sir. *Cap.* And good-man rogue, See what good thing your Kitchin-maide has left

For me to worke upon, my barrow-guttlings grumble And would have food: Say now the vintners wife

Should bring me up a Pheasant, Partridge, Quaille, A pleasant banquet, and extreemly love me,

Desire me to eate, Kisse, and protest, I should pay nothing for it, say she should drinke

Her selfe three quarters drunke, to win my love, Thengive me a chaine, worth some three score pounds,

Say t'were worth but forty, say but twenty, For Citizens do sildome in their wooing,

Give above twenty pounds: say then 'tis twenty, He goe sell some fiftene pounds worth of the chaine,

To by some clothes, and shift my lowlie linnen, And weare therest as a perpetuall favour,

About my arme in fashion of a Braceler, Say then her husband should grow jealous,

Ide make him drunke, and then He cuckold him, But then a vintners wife, some rogue will say,

Which sits at Barre for the receit of custome, That smells of chippings, and of broken fish,

Is love to *Captaine Face*, which to prevent, He never come but when her best fitt hat,

Her Bewgle gowne, and best wrought smocke is on, Then does she neyther smell of bread, of meate,

Or drappings of the tap, it shall be so.

*Enter Boucher, W. Small-shanke, and Constantia.*

*Bou.* Now leave us boy; blesse you *Captaine Face*.

*Cap.* He have no Musick. *W. S.* Foot doost take us for fiddlers?

*Cap.* Then turne straight, Drawer runne downe the staires,

And

MERRITRICKS.

And thanke the gods, I gave me that great patience, quoth you  
Not to strike you. *Bon.* Your patience fir is great, and I had W  
For you dare sildome strike. Sirra they say, ob you had W  
You needs will wed the widow *Tafara*, on this point, and H  
*Nolens volens.* *Cap.* Do not urge my patience, you shall W  
Awake not fury now rakt up in embers,

I give you leave to live. *W.S.* Men say y'ave tricks, and C  
Y are an admirable Ape, and you can doe and B  
More feates then three Babounes, we must have some.

*Cap.* My patience yet is great, I say begon, and D  
My tricks are dangerous. *Bon.* That's nothing, and B

I have brought you furniture, come get up no abaid M  
Vp upon this table, doe your feates, and B

Or I will whip you to them, doe not I know, and W  
You are a lowlie Knave. *Cap.* How? lowlie Knave, and T

Are we not English bred? *Bon.* Y are a coward rogue, and Y  
That dares not looke a Kitching in the face, and S

If she but stare or mew. *Cap.* My patience yet is great: and I  
Doe you bandy troopes, by Dis I will be Knight, and W

We are a blew coate on great Saint Georges day, and S  
And with my fellowes drive you all from *Pauls*, and B

For this attempt. *Bon.* Will you yet get up, and I  
I must lash you to it. *Cap.* By *Pluto*, Gentlemen, and A

To doe you pleasure, and to make you sport, and W  
Ile do't. *W.S.* Come get up then quicke, and S

*Bon.* Ile dresse you fir. *Cap.* By *Iove* tis not for feare. and W  
But for a love I beare unto these tricks, and B

That I performe it. *Bon.* Hold up your snout fir, and B  
Sit handsomly, by heaven, fir you must doe, and W

Come boy. *W.S.* No by this good light. Ile play (clemen  
Him that goes with the motions. *Dra.* Where's the *Cap.* Gen

*W.S.* Stand backe boy, and be a spectator, Gentlemen. A  
You shall see the strange nature of an out-landish beast,

That ha's but two legs, bearded like a man,  
Nosd like a Goose, and tongu'd like a woman,

Lately brought from the Land of *Catita*,  
A beast of much understanding, were it not given

Too much to the love of venery: do I not do it wel? and B  
*Bon.* Admirably. *W.S.* Remember noble Captaine, and W

You



MERRY-TRICKS.

You skip when I shall shake my whip. Now sir,  
What can you doe for the great Turke?  
What can you doe for the Pope of Rome?  
Harke, he stirreth not, he mooveth not, he waggeth not,  
What can you doe for the towne of Geneva, sirra?

*He holds up his hands instead of praying.*

*Con.* Sure this Baboune is a great Puritaine.

*Bon.* Is not this strange? *W.S.* Not a whit by this light,  
*Banks* his horse, and he was taught both in a stable.

*Dra.* O rare. *Cap.* Zounds ile first be damn'd, shall sport  
Be laught at; by *Dir*, by *Pluto*, and great *Proserpine*.  
My fatall blade once drawne, falls but with death,  
Yet if youle let me goe, I vow by *Iove*,  
No widow, maide, wife, punke, or Cuckatrice,  
Shall make me haunt your goasts. *Bon.* I will not serve in,  
You must shew more. *Cap.* Ile first be hangd, and damn'd.

*W.S.* Foote can a jumpe so well? *Bon.* Is a so quicke?  
I hope the slave will haunt no more the widow.

*W.S.* As for that take no care, for by this light  
Sheele not have thee. *Bon.* Not have me? *W.S.* No not have  
By this hand, flesh, and blond, she is resolu'd  
To make my father a most fearefull Cuckold,  
And he's resoly'd to save his soule by her.

*Bon.* How by her? *W.S.* Thus, all old men which marry  
Young wives, shall questionlesse be sav'd,  
For while th'are young, they keepe other mens wives,  
And when th'are old, they keepe wives for other men,  
And so by satisfaction procure salvation.

Why thou dejected raine of a Crab.  
Does not faire *Constantia* *Somer-field*  
Doate on thy filthy face; and wilt thou wed  
A wanton widow? what canst thou see  
To doate on her? *Bon.* Onely this, I love her.

*W.S.* Doo'st love her? then take a purgation,  
For love ile assure thee is a binder  
Of all things under heaven, there's no fitter parallels then a  
Drunkard, and a lover: for a drunkard loses his senses, so  
does your Lover; your Drunkard is quarrellsome, so is your  
Lover: your Drunkard will sweare ly, and speake great  
words,

words, so will your Lover; your Drunkard is most desirous  
of his lutchery, and so is your Lover: Well the night grows  
old, farewell.

I am so much thy friend, that none shall bed thee;  
While faire *Constantia* is resolv'd to wed thee, *Exit*

*Enter Thomas Small-shanke, and others*

*T. S. Foote* shall we let the wench goe thus?  
My masters now show your selves Gentlemen,  
And take away the Lawyers wife;  
*Foote* though I have no wit, yet I can  
Love a wench, and choose a wife.

*Gen.* Why fir, what should you doe with a wife, that are  
held none of the wisest? youle get none but fooles,

*Thr. S.* How fooles, why may not I a foole get a wise child  
as well as a wise man get fooles: all lies but in the agility of  
the woman: introth I thinke all fooles are got when their  
mothers a sleepe; therefore ile never ly with my wife but  
when she is broad-waking, stand to't honest friends, Knocke  
downe the Lievetenant, and then hurry the wench to Fleet-  
street, there my father, and I will this morning be married.

*Enter Beard, and Francisco*

*Gen.* Stand close they come.

*Bea.* By Love the night grows darke, and *Luna* looks  
As if this houre some fifty cuckolds were making,  
Then let us trudge.

*Gen.* Downe with 'em, downe with 'em, away with her  
Master *Small-shanke* to Fleetstreet, goe, the Curate there  
staves for you.

*Bea.* And staves the Curat?  
Whats here? Knocke downe, and bloud of men let out?  
Must men in darknesse bleed? then *Erebus* looke big,  
And *Boreas* blow the fire of all my rage,  
Into his nose. Night thou art a whore,  
*Small-shanke* a rogue: and is my wench tooke from me,  
Sure I am guld, this was no Cockatrice,  
I never saw her before this day-light peepe:  
What dropst thou head, this surely is the heire,  
And mad will *Small-shanke* lay in Ambuscado,  
To get her now from me. *Beard, Lievetenant Beard,*



MERRY TRICKS.

Thou art an ass, what a dull slave was I, now how dost thou know  
That all this while smelt not her honesty? But now I see  
Pate I doe not pity thee: hadst thou braines, thou wert a  
Lieutenant *Beard* had got this wealthy heire,  
From all these rogues: blood to be this ore-reached,  
In pate, and wench: revenge, revenge come up,  
And with thy curled locks cling to my beard,  
*Small-shankes* I will betray thee: I now will trudge,  
To Saint *Iohn streete* to informe the Lady *Somerfield*  
Where thou art: I will prevent the match,  
Thou art to Fleet-street gone, revenge shall follow.  
And my incensed wrath shall like great thunder,  
Disperse thy hopes, and thy brave wife asunder.

*Enter Lady Somer-field, and Iustice Tutchin.*

*Tu.* Say as I say widow, the wench is gon,  
But I know whether, stolne she is, well,  
I know by whom, say as I say widow,  
I have bin drinking hard, why say so too,  
Old men they can be fine, with small adoe.  
The Law is not offended, I had no punke,  
Nor in an Ale-house have I made me drunke.  
The statute is not broke, I have the skill,  
To drinke by Law, then say as I say still.

*La.S.* To what extreames doth this licentious time,  
Hurry unstayed youth? Nor gods nor Lawes,  
Whose penall scourges are enough to save  
Even damned fiends, can in this looser age  
Confine unbounded youth. VVho durst presume,  
To steale my youths delight, my ages hope,  
Her fathers heire, and the last noble stemme,  
Of all her ancestors? feare they or gods or Lawes?

*I.Tu.* I say as you say sifter, but for the Lawes,  
There are so many, that men do stand in awe  
Of none at all; take heede they steale not you.  
VVho woos a widow with a faire full Moone  
Shall surely speed, beware of full Moones widow,  
*Will Small-shankes* has your daughter, no word but mum,  
My warrant you shall have when time shall come.

# MERRY-TRICKS.

*L.S.* Your warrant? *I.T.* I my warrant widow,  
My warrant can stretch far; no more but so,  
I will serue to ketch a Knave; or fetch a Doe.

*Enter Serving-man.*

*Ser.* Heres a gentleman much desirous to see you Madam.

*L.S.* VVhat is a for a man?

*Ser.* Nothing for a man, but much, for a beast,  
I thinke him lunatique, for a demands,

VVhat plate of his is stirring i'the house,

A calls your men his butlers, cookes, and steward,

Kisses your women, and makes exceeding much

Of your Coach mans wife. *I.T.* Then he's a gentleman,

for tis a true note of a genelman, to make much of other mens

wives, bring him up, a sirra, makes a much of your Couchmans

wife? this geere will runne a wheelles then shortly,

A man may make much more of another mans wife, then a

can do of s. owne.

*L.S.* How much brother? *I.T.* A man may make with ease,

A punk, a Child, a Bastard, a Cuckold, of another mans wife

all at a clap.

And that is much I thinke. *Ser.* Thats my Lady.

*Enter Serving-man, and Throre.*

*Thr.* For that thou first hast brought me to her sight,

I here create the Clarke a the Kitchin, no man shall beg it

from thee.

*Ser.* Sure the fellowes mad.

*L.S.* VVhat would you sir? I gesse your long profession,

By your scant suite: your habit seemes to turne

Your inside outward to me; y'are I thinke,

Some Turner of the Law. *Thr.* Law is my living,

And on that ancient mould I weare this outside,

Suite upon suite waits some, yet makes me thrive,

First Law, then gold, then love, and then we wive.

*I.T.* A man of forme like me, but what's your businesse?

*La.* Bebriefe good sir: what makes this bold intrusion?

*Thr.* Intrude I do not, for I know the Law,

It is the rule that squares out all our actions,

Those actions bring in coynes, coyn gets me friends,

Your sonne in Law hath Law at's fingers ends.

*La.*



MERRY-TRICKS.

*La.* My sonne in law. *Thr.* Madam your sonne in law, I  
Mother I come, (be glad I call you so) I will  
To make a gentle breach into your favour;  
And win your approbation of my choyce,  
Your cherry-ripe sweet daughter (so renownd  
For beauty, vertue, and a wealthy dowre)  
I have espousd. *La.* How? you espouse my daughter?

*Thr.* *Noverint universi*, the lawes of heaven,  
Of nature, Church, and chance, have made her mine,  
Therefore deliver her by these presents.

*I. Tu.* How's this? made her yours fir? *per quam regulam*,  
Nay we are letter'd fir, as well as you,  
*Redde rationem, per quam regulam*,

*Thr.* *Femini ludificanter viros*:  
By that same rule these lippes have taken season;  
But I doe all by statute Law, and reason,

*La.* Hence you base Knave you petty-fogging groome  
Clad in ould ends, and peeced with Brokery,  
You wed my daughter? *I. Tu.* You fir *Ambo-dexter*  
A Sumners sonne, and learn't in Norfolke wiles,  
Some common baile, or Counter Lawyer,  
Marry my Neece? your halfe sleeves shall not carry her.

*Thr.* These stormes will be dissolv'd in teares of joy,  
Mother I doubt it not: Iustice to you,  
That jerke at my halfe sleeves, and yet your selfe,  
Do never weare but buckerom out of fight,  
A Flannell wast-coat ora Canvas Trusse,  
A shift of thrift, I use it: lets be friends,  
You know the Law has trickes, Ka me, Ka thee,  
*Viderit utilitas*, the motto: these halfe armes,  
*Corpus cum causa* neede no bumbasting,  
We weare small haire yet have we tongue, and wit,  
Lawyers close-breecht have bodies politicke.

*La.* Speake, answer me fir *Jacke*: stole you my daughter?  
*Thr.* Short tale to make, I fingered have your daughter:  
I have tanelivery, and season of the wench.  
Deliver her then, you know the Statute Lawes,  
Shes mine without exception, barre or clause,  
Come, come, restore. *La.* The fellow's mad I thinke.

*Thr.*

# MERRY-TRICKS.

*Thr.* I was not mad before I married, but hold ym I now?  
But, *ipso facto*, what the act may make me, *ipso facto* you w  
That know I not. *I. T.* Fellows come in there. *Ent. 2. or 3. ser.*  
By this fir you confesse you stole my Neece,

And I attach you here of felony:

Lay hold on him: ile make my *Mittimus*,

And send him to the Iayle; have we no barre

Nor clause to hamper you? away with him,

Those clawes shall claw you to a barre of shame.

Where thou shalt shew thy Goll, ile barre your claime,

If il be Iustice *Tutchin*. *Thr.* Hands off you slaves!

Oh! favour my jerkin, though you teare my flesh,

I set more store by that: my *Audita*

*Querela* shall be heard, and with a *Certiorare*

Ile fetch her from you with a pox. *Enter Beard.*

*Bea.* What's here to do? is all the world in armes?

More tumults, brawles, and insurrections,

Is bloud the Theame whereon our time must treat?

*Thr.* Heer's *Beard* your Butler: a rescue *Beard*; draw,

*Bea.* Draw? not so: my blad's as ominously drawne

Vnto the death of nine or ten such groomes,

As is a Knife unsheath'd with th' hungry maw,

Threatning the ruine of a chine of Beefe:

But for the restlesse toile it tooke of late,

My blade shall sleepe a while. *Th.* Helpe. *Be.* Stop thy Throte,

And heare me speake, whose bloudy Characters,

Will shew I have bene scuffling; briefly thus,

Thy wife, your daughter, and your lovely Neece,

Is hurri'd now to Fleet-street, the damn'd crew

With glaves, and clubs have rapt her from these armes;

*Throte* thou art bobd, although thou boughtest the heire,

Yet hath the slave made a re-entry.

*I. T.* Sirra, what are you? *Thr.* My Ladies Butler sir.

*Bea.* Not I by heaven. *Thr.* By this good light he swore it,

And for your daughters love he ran away.

*Bea.* By love I guld thee *Throte*. *I. T.* More Knavery yet

Lay hands on him, pinion them both,

And guard them hence towards Fleet-street, come away.

*Bea.* Must we be led like thieves, and piniond walke?



## MERRY TRICKS.

Spent I my bloud for this? is this my hire?  
Why then burne rage, set Beard, and Nose on fire.

*In. T. On, on I say. T. In. Justice, the Law shall fitte you.*

### Actus Quinti. Scena. I.

*Enter William Small-shanke.*

*W.S.* On this one houte depends my hopes, and fortunes,  
Foote I must have this widow: what should my Dad  
Make with a wife, that scarce can wipe his nose,  
Vntrusse his points, or hold a Chamber-pot  
Steddy till a pisse: The doores are fast,  
Tis now the midst of night; yet shall this chaine,  
Procure access, and conference with the widow,  
What though I cheate my father? all men have sinnes,  
Though in their severall kinds, all ends in this,  
So they get gold, they care not whose it is,  
Begging the Court, use beares the City out,  
Lawyers their quirkes, thus goes the world about,  
So that our villanies have but different shapes,  
The effects all one, and poore men are but Apes,  
To imitate their betters, this is the difference,  
All great mens sinnes must still be humored,  
And poore mens vices largely punished,  
The priviledge that great men have in evill,  
Is this, they go unpunisht to the Divell:  
Therefore ile in, this chaine I know will move,  
Gold, and rich stones, wins coyest Ladies love. *Knocks.*

*Adr.* What would you sir, that you do Knocke so boldly.

*W.S.* I must come in to the widow. *Adr.* How come in?  
The widow has no entrance for such mates.

*W.S.* Dooft heare sweet Chamber-maid, by heaven I come,  
With letters from my father, I have brought her stones,  
Jewels, and chaines, which she must use to morrow.

*Adr.* You are a needy Knave, and will ly:  
Your father has easheard you, nor will a trust you,  
Be gon, lest I doe wash you hence. *W.S.* Dooft heare?  
By this good night, my Father, and I are friends,  
Take but this chaine for token, give her that,  
And telk her I have other things for her,

# MERRY TRICKS.

Which by my fathers will I am commanded  
To give to her owne hands. *Adr.* Say you for. *W.S.* I  
Introth I thinke youle prove an honest man,  
Had you once got a beard; let me see the chaine.

*W.S.* Dooft thinke I ly? by this light *Adriana* you shew  
I love her with my soule, here's lettets breads  
And other Jewels sent her from my father, wond I not  
Is she a bed? *Adr.* By my virginity,  
Shee is uncafd, and ready to slip in,  
Betwixt the sheetes, but I will beate her this,  
And tell her what you say. *W.S.* But make some haste,  
Why so 'twill take, zart how a wayting maide  
Can shake a fellow up that is casheerd,  
And has no money? foote should shee keepe the chaine,  
And not come downe, I must turne citizen,  
Be banckrout, and crave the Kings protection,  
But here she comes. *Taf.* What would you sir with us,  
That on the suddaine, and so late you come.

*W.S.* I have some secrets to acquaint you with,  
Please you to let the Chamber-maide shake off,  
And stand as Centinell. *Taf.* It shall not need, you must  
I hope I have not brought her up so ill,  
But that she knowes how to containe your secrets,  
As well as I her Mistresse: therefore on,  
*W.S.* It is not fit for sooth that I should on,  
Before she leave the roome. *Adr.* Tis not indeed,  
Therefore ile waite in the with-drawing roome,  
Vntill you call. *Taf.* Now sir, what's your will befall a brood?

*W.S.* Deere widow, pity the state of a young,  
Poore, yet proper Gentleman, by *Venus* pay,  
Vpon my Knees i'de creepe unto your lap,  
For one small drop of favour; and though this face,  
Is not the finest face, yet t'as beene praid,  
By Ladies of good judgment in faces.

*Taf.* Are these your secrets; *W.S.* You shall have secrets,  
More pleasing: nay here sweet widow,  
Some wantons doe delight to see men creepe,  
And on their Knees to woe them. *Taf.* I am none of those,  
Stand up, I more desire a man should stand,



M E R R Y - T R I C K S .

Then cringe, and creepe, that meanes to win my love,  
I say stand up, and let me goe ye ad best.

W. S. For ever let me creepe upon the ground,  
Vnlesse you heare my sute. Tas. How now sir sawce,  
Would you be capring in your fathers saddle?  
Away you casheerd yonger brother, be gon,  
Doe not I know the fashions of you all?  
When a poore woman has laid open all

Her thoughts to you, then you grow proud, and coy,  
But when wise maides dissemble, and keepe close,  
Then you poore snakes come creeping on your bellies,  
And with all oyled lookes prostrate your selves,  
Before our beauties sunne, where once but warme,  
Like hatefull snakes you strike vs with your stings,  
And then forsake us, I know your tricks, be gon.

W. S. Foot ile first be hang'd, nay, if you go  
You shall leave your smocke behind you widow,  
Keepe close your womanish weapon, hold your tongue,  
Nor speake, cough, sneeze or stampe, for if you doe,  
By this good blade ile cut your throte directly,  
Peace, stirre not, by Heaven ile cut your throte  
If you but stirre; speake not, stand still, go to,  
Ile teach coy widowes a new way to wooe,  
Come you shall Kisse, why so, ile stab by heaven  
If you but stirre; now, heare, first Kisse againe,  
Why so, stirre not, Now come I to the point,  
My hopes are past, nor can my present state  
Affoord a single halfe-penny, my father  
Hates me deadly; to beg, my birth forbids,  
To steale, the Law, the hang man, and the Rope  
With one consent deny: to go a trust,  
The City common-Counsell has forbid it,  
Therefore my state is desperate, stirre not,  
And I by much will rather choose to hang,  
Then in a ditch or prison-hole to starue,  
Resolue, wed me, and take me to your bed;  
Or by my soule ile fraite cut off your head,  
Then Kill my selfe, for I had rather dy,  
Then in a street live poore, and low sily:

# MERRY-TRICKS.

Doe not I know you cannot love my father.  
 A widow that has knowne the *quid* of things,  
 To doate upon an old, and crased man,  
 That stinkes at both ends, worse then an elder Pye,  
 Who when his bloud, and spirit are at the height,  
 Hath not a member to his pallie body;  
 But is more limber then a Kings-head pudding  
 Tooke from the pot halfe sod, do I not know this?  
 Have you not wealth enough, to serve us both?  
 And am not I a pritty handsome fellow,  
 To doe your drudgery, come, come, resolve,  
 For by my bloud, if you deny your bed,  
 Ile cut your throat, without equivocation,  
 If you be pleased hold up your finger, if not  
 By heaven ile gar my whyniard through your weombe,  
 Ist a match? *Ta* Heare me but speake. *W. S.* Youle prate to loud

*Taf.* No *W. S.* Nor speake one word against my honest sute.

*Taf.* No by my worth, *W. S.* Kisse upon that, and speake.

*Taf.* I dare not wed: men say y<sup>e</sup> are naught, youle cheate,  
 And you do keepe a whore. *W. S.* That is a ly,  
 Shee keeps her selfe, and me, yet I protest,  
 Shees not dishonest. *Taf.* How could she then maintaine you?

*W. S.* Why by her commings in, a little thing,  
 Her friends have left her, which with putting to best use,  
 And often turning, yeelds her a poore living;  
 But what of that; shees now shooke off, to thee

Ile onely cleave, ile be thy marchant,  
 And to this wealthy faire ile bring my ware,  
 And here set up my standing: therefore resolve,  
 Nought but my sword is left, ist be a match,  
 Clap hands, contract, and straight to bed,  
 If not pray, forgive, and straight goes off your head.

*Ta.* I take thy love. *W. S.* Then straight lets both to bed.

*Ta.* Ile wed to morrow. *W. S.* You shall not sleepe upon't,  
 An honest contract is as good as marriage.

A bird in hand, you know the proverbe widow.

*Taf.* To let me tell thee, ile love thee while I live,  
 For this attempt, give me that lusty lad,  
 That winnes his widow with his well drawne blade,



# MERRY TRICKS.

And not with oaths, and words: a widows wooing,  
Not in bare words, but should consist in dooing,  
I take thee to my husband. *W.S.* I thee to wife,  
Now to thy bed, and there weele end this strife.

*Enter Sir Oliver, and Fiddlers and men (God,*

*S.O.* Warne bloud, the young mans slave, the old mans  
Makes me so stirre thus soone, it stirs a faith,  
And with a kinde of itching pricks me on,  
To bid my bride *bon jour*, O this desire,  
Is even another filcht *Promethian* fire,  
By which we old men live, performance then,  
I thats poore old mens baine, that in old men  
Comes limping off more lame god knowes then he,  
Which in a close a hot, and dangerous fight,  
Has bin dismembred, and craves by letters patents:  
Yet scarce a woman that considers this,  
Women have tricks, firkes, and farthingales  
A generation are they full of subtilty,  
And all most honest where they want the meenes  
To be otherwise. Therefore ile have an eye,  
My widow goes not oft to visit Kins-folke:  
By birth she is a Ninny, and that I know,  
Is not in London held the smallest Kindred,  
I must have wits, and braines, come on my friends,  
Out with your tooles, and toot, a straine of mirth,  
And a pleasant song to wake the widow.

*Enter W.S. Above in his shirt.*

*W.S.* Musitians, minstrels, footerogues,  
For Gods love leave your filthy squeaking noyse  
And get you gone, the widow and my selfe,  
Will scramble out the shaking of the sheets  
VWithout your musicks: we have no neede of fiddlers  
To our dancing, foote have you no manners?  
Cannot a man take his naturall rest  
For your scraping? I shall wash your gut strings,  
If you but stay a while: yet honest rascalls,  
If youle let us have the tother crash,  
The widow, and ile keepe time, there's for your paines.

*S.O.* Hows this? will the widow, and you keepe time?

*VVhat*

# MERRY TRICKS.

VVhat tricke? what quiddit? what segare is this?  
 My casheerd sonne speake from the widowes Chamber,  
 And in his shirt ha? sure she is not there,  
 Tis so she has tooke him in for pity,  
 And now remooves her Chamber I will home,  
 On with my neatest robes, perfume my beard,  
 Eate Cloves, Eringoes, and drinke some Aquavitz  
 To sweeten breath, and keepe my weame from wambling,  
 Then like the month of March, come blustering in,  
 Marry the widow, shake up this springall,  
 And then ly as quiet as a sucking Lambe,  
 Close by the widow will I rest all night.  
 As for my breath I have crotchets, and devises,  
 Ladies ranke breaths are often helpt with spices,

*Enter Adriana, and another strawing hearbes.*

*Adr.* Come straw a pace, Lord shall I never live,  
 To walke to Church on flowers? O tis fine,  
 To see a bride trip it to Church so lightly,  
 As if her new choppines would scorne to bruze  
 A silly flower? and now I prethee tell me,  
 VVhat flower thinkest thou is likest to a woman?

*Vi.* A mary gold I thinke. *Adr.* VVhy a mary gold?

*Vi.* Because a little heate makes it to spread,  
 And open wide his leaves. *Adr.* Th'art quike wide,

A mary gold doth open wide all day,

And shuts most close at night, I hope thou knowst,

All wenches doe the contrary: but sirra,

How does thy Vncle the old Doctor?

Doost thinke heele be a Bishop? *Vi.* O quest onlesse,

For has got him a young wife, and carried her

To Court already: but now I prethee say,

VVhy will the widow wed so old a Knight?

*Adr.* VVhy? for his riches. *Vi.* For riches onely,

VVhy riches cannot give her her delight.

*Adr.* Riches I hope can soone procure her one,

Shall give her her delight; thats the Divell,

Thats it ifaith makes us waiting gentlewomen?

Live maides so long. *Vi.* Thinke you so? *Adr.* Yes ifaith,

Married women quite have spoiled the market,

By



MERRY-TRICKS.

By having secret friends besides their husbands,  
For if these married wives would be content  
To have but one a peece, I thinke in troth,  
There would be dooings enough for us all;  
And till we get an act of parliament,  
For that our states are desperate:

*Enter Butcher, and Constant.*

Come straw apace. *Con.* So ho, ho, Master. *Bon.* Boy,

*Con.* Introth I thought y'ad beene more fast a sleepe,  
Then a mid-wife, or a Puritaine Taylor,  
At a Sunday evenings Lecture: but fir  
Why do you rise so soone? *Bon.* To see the widow,

*Con.* The weaker you, you are forbid a widow,  
And 'tis the first thing you will fall into.

Me thinkes a yong cleere skind country Gentlewoman,  
That never saw Babounes, Lyons, or Courtiers,  
Might prove a handsome wife, or what do you say  
To a Citizens daughter, that never was in love  
With a Player, that never learnt to dance,  
That never dwelt neere any Inne a Court,  
Might not she in time prove an honest wife?  
Faith take a maide, and leave the widow, Master  
Of all meates I love not a gaping Oyster. (mistake,

*Bon.* God speed your workes faire maides. *Adr.* You much  
Tis no worke. *Bon.* What then? *Adr.* A preparation  
To a worke fir. *Bon.* What worke sweet Ladies?

*Adr.* Why to a marriage: thats a worke I thinke.

*Bon.* How? a preparation to a marriage,  
Of whom Kinde maides, of whom? *Adr.* And why Kinde  
I hope you have had no Kindnesse at our hand (maides?  
To make you say so: but fir understand,  
That *fir Oliver, Small-shankes* the noble Knight,  
And mistresse *Tafara*, the rich widow,  
Must this day be coupled, conjoynd,  
Married, espoused, wedded, contracted,  
Or as the Puritane sayes, put together,  
And so fir, to the shifting of our cleane smocks,  
We leave you. *Bon.* Married, and to day?  
Dissension, jealousy, hate, beggery,

# MERRY-TRICKS.

With all the dire events which breed dislike  
In nuptiall beds, attend her Bride-ale steps,  
Can vowes, and oathes, with such protesting action,  
As if their hearts were spit forth with their words,  
As if ther soules were darted through their eyes,  
Be of no more validity with women?  
Have I for her contem'd my fixed fate,  
Neglected my faire hopes, and scorn'd the love  
Of beautilous, vertuous, and honor'd *Constantia*?

*Con.* Now workes it with my wish: my hopes are full.

*Bou.* And I ingag'd my worth, and ventur'd life  
On yonder buffolne face, to have men scorne,  
And point at my disgrace? first will I leave to live:  
There take my purse, live thou to better fate, *Bouch. hangs*  
Better thus dy, then live unfortunate. *himselfe.*

*Con.* Aye me accurst! helpe, helpe, murther, murther,  
Curst be the day, and houre that gave me breath!  
Murther, murther: if any Gentleman  
Can heare my plaints, come forth, and assist me.

*W.S.* What out-cries call me from my naked bed?  
Who calls *Ieronimo*? speake here I am.

*Con.* Good sir leave your struggling, and acting,  
And helpe to save the life of a distressed man,  
O helpe if you be Gentlemen. *W.S.* Whats here?  
A man hangd up, and all the murtherers gone,  
And at my doore, to lay the guilt on me?  
This place was made to pleasure Citizens wives, *Enter*  
And not to hang up honest Gentlemen. *Tafara.*

*Taf.* Where be these lazy Knaves? some raise the house.  
What meant the cry of murther? where's my love?

*W.S.* Come *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,  
For sighes are stopt, and all my teares are spent.  
These clothes I oft have seene, aye me my friend!  
Pursue the murtherers, raise all the street.

*Con.* It shall not neede, a stilles, give him breath.

*W.S.* Is there yet life, *Horatio*, my deare boy  
*Horatio!* *Horatio*, what hast thou misse done,  
To lose thy life, when life was new begun?

*Bou.* Zart a man had as good be hangd out-right,



## MERRY TRICKS.

As to indure this clapping : shame to thy sexe,  
 Perfidious perjur'd woman, where's thy shame?  
 How can thy modesty forbear to blush,  
 And knowest I know thee an adulteresse?  
 Have not thy vowes made thee my lawfull wife  
 Before the face of heaven? where is thy shame?  
 But why speake I of shame to thee, whose face  
 Is steel'd with custome'd sinne, whose thoughts want grace?  
 The custome of thy sinne so lulls thy sense :  
 Women nere blush, though nere so foule th' offence,  
 To breake thy vow to me, and straight to wed,  
 A doting stinkard? *W. S.* But hold your tongue,  
 Or by this light ile trusse you up againe ;  
 Zart raile on my wife, am I a stinkard,  
 Or do I dote? speake such another word,  
 And up you trusse againe, am I a stinkard?

*Boy.* The Knight your father is. *W. S.* Why who denies it?  
 He supplants thee, and I supplanted him :  
 Come, come, you shall be friends, come forgive her :  
 For by this light there is no remedy,  
 Vnlesse you will betake you to my leavings.

*Con.* Rather then so, ile helpe you to a wife :  
 Rich, well borne, and by some accounted faire,  
 And for the worth of her Virginitie,  
 I dare presume to pawne my honesty :  
 VVhat say you to *Constantia Somerfield*?

*W. S.* Do st know where she is boy? *Con.* I do, nay more,  
 If he but sweare to imbrace her constant love,  
 He fetch her to this place. *W. S.* A shall do it boy.

*Enter Sir Oliver, and Fialers.*

A shall do it, goe fetch her boy, foote my father,  
 Stand too't now old wench, stand too't now.

*S. Ol.* Now fresh, and youthfull as the month of May,  
 He bid my Bride good morrow, Musitians on,  
 Lightly, lightly, and by my Knighthood spurres,  
 This yeere you shall have my protection,  
 And yet not buy your livery coates your selves ;  
 God morrow Bride, fresh, fresh, as the month of May,  
 I come to Kisse thee on thy wedding day,



MERRY-TRICKS.

*W.S.* Saving your tale fir, ile shew you how,  
Aprill showers bring may flowers,  
So merrily sings the *Cucke*:

The truth is, / have laid my Knife aboard,  
The widow fir is wedded. *W. Ol. Ha. W.S. Bedded. S. Ol. Ha.*  
*W.S.* Why? my good father, what should you do with a wife?  
Would you be crested? will you needs thrust your head  
In one of Vuleans Helms? will you perforce  
Weare a City cap, and a Court feather?

*S. O.* Villaine, slave, thou haste wrong'd my wife *W.S.* not so,  
Speake my good wench, have I not done thee right,

*Taf.* I finde no fault, and I protest fir *Oliver*,  
I'd not have lost the last two houres sleepe,  
I had by him, for all the wealth you have.

*S. Ol.* Villaine, slave, ile hang thee by the statute,  
Thou hast two wives. *W.S.* Be not so furious fir,  
I have but this, the other was my whore,  
VVhich now is married to an honest Lawyer.

*S. Ol.* Thou villaine slave thou hast abus'd thy father.

*Bon.* Your sonne ifaith, yout very sonne ifaith,  
The villaine boy has one tricke of his fire,  
Has firkt away the wench, has pierc't the hogshhead,  
And knowes by this the vintage. *S. Ol.* I am undone.

*Bon.* You could not love the widow but her wealth,

*S. Ol.* The Devill take my soule but I did love her.

*Taf.* That oath doth shew you are a Northen Knight,  
And of all men a live, ile never trust,  
A Northen man in love. *S. Ol.* And why? and why flut

*Taf.* Because the first word he speakes is the Divell  
Take his soule, and who will give him trust,  
That once has given his soule unto the Divell,

*W.S.* She sayes most true father, the soule once gone,  
The best part of man is gone. *Taf.* And ifaith.

If the best part of a man is gone,  
The rest of the body is not worth a rush,  
Though it be nere so handsome.

*Enter La Somerfield, Throte, and Beard bound, and In. Tuck.*

*La.S.* Bring them away. *W.S.* How now?  
My Lawyer pinion'd, I begin to stinke



M E R R Y - T R I C K S .

Already. *La.S.* Cheater my daughter. *W.S.* Shee's mad.  
*Thr.* My wife fir my wife. *W.S.* Thei're mad, starke mad,  
 I am sorry fir you have lost those happy wits,  
 By which you liv'd so well. The ayre growes cold,  
 Therefore ile take my leave. *La.S.* So stay him officers,  
 Sir'tis not your trickes of wit can carry it.  
 Officers attach him, and this Gentleman,  
 For stealing away my heire. *W.S.* You do me wrong,

Zart I never saw your heire. *Thr.* That's a ly,  
 You stole her, and by chance I married her.

*W.S.* God give you joy fir. *Thr.* Aske the butler else,  
 Therefore widow release me, for by no Law,  
 Statute or booke case, of *Vicesimo*  
*Edwardi secundi*, nor by the Statute  
 Of *Tricesimo Henrici sexti*,  
 Nor by any booke case of *decimo*  
 Of the late Queene, am I accessary,  
 Part, or party confederate abbetter,  
 Helper, seconder, perswader, forwarder,  
 Principall or maintainer of this late theft:  
 But by Law, I forward, and she willing,  
 Clapt up the match, and by a good Statute  
 Of *Decimo tertio Richardi quarti*,  
 She is my leefull lawfull, and my true  
 Married wife teste *Livetenant Beard*.

*W.S.* Who lives, would thinke that you could prate so fast,  
 Your hands being bound behind you? foote a talkes  
 With as much ease as if a were in's shirt.

*S.Ol.* I am witnesse thou hadst the heire. *I.Tu.* So am I.

*Thr.* And so is my man *Dash. Bon.* Heere me but speake,  
 Sit you as Iudges under the Lawyers hands,  
 That a may freely act, and ile be bound  
 That *William Small-shankes* shall put your Throte to silence,  
 And over-throw him at his owne weapon.

*I.Tu.* Agreed, take each his place, and heare the case  
 Argued betwixt them two. *Om.* Agreed, agreed.

*I.T.* Now Throte or never, stretch your selfe. *Thr.* Feare not  
*W.S.* Here stand I for my chiant, this Gentleman.

*Thr.* I for the widow. *W.S.* Begin. *Thr.* Right worshipfull



MERRY TRICKS.

I say that *William Small-shankes* mad-man,  
Is by a Statute made in *Octavo*  
Of *Richard Cordelion*, guilty to the Law  
Of felony, for stealing this Ladies heire,  
That a stole her, the prooffe is most pregnant,  
He brought her to my house, confest himselfe;  
A made great meanes to steale her, I like her,  
( And finding him a novice ) truth to tell,  
Married her my selfe, and as I said,  
By a Statute *Richardi Quarti*,  
Shee is my lawfull wife. *W.S.* For my elient,  
I say the wench brought unto your house,  
Was not the daughter to rich *Somer-field*.

*S.Ol.* What prooffe of that? *W.S.* This gentleman. *Thr.* Tut  
He is a party in the cause, but sir, ( tut,  
If it were not the daughter to this good widow,  
Who was it? answer that. *W.S.* An arrant whore  
Which you have married, and she is runne  
Away with all your Jewels, this is true:  
And this Lievetenant *Beard* can testifie,  
T'was the wench I kept in *Hosier-lane*.

*Bea.* VVhat was it she? *W.S.* The very same.

*I.Tu.* Speake sirra *Beard*, if all he sayes be true.

*Bea.* She said she was a Punke, a Rampant whore,  
VVhich in hertime had beene the cause of parting  
Some foureteene bawdes; he kept her in the Suburbs.  
Yet I do thinke this wench was not the same.

*Bon.* The case is cleere with me. *Om.* O strange. *Tb.* Sir, sir,  
This is not true, how liv'd you in the Suburbs,  
And scapt so many searches? *W.S.* I answer,  
That most Constables in our out Parishes  
Are bawdes themselves; by which we scapt the searches.

*S.Ol.* This is most strange. *La.S.* VVhat's become of this

*Bea.* That know not I. As I was squiring her woman?  
Along the streete, Master *Small-shankes* set upon me,  
Beate me downe, and tooke away the maide,  
VVhich I suppose was daughter to the widow.

*W.S.* A lyes, let me be hangd if a ly not.

*S.Ol.* VVhat confusion is this. *Con.* Bring them forward,



MERRY TRICKS.

God preserve your worship. And it like you Madam,  
We were commanded by our deputy,  
That if we tooke a woman in the watch,  
To bring her straight to you. And hearing there  
You were come hether, hether we brought them.

*S.O.* The one is my sonne, I doe acknowledge him,  
What woman's that. *T.S.* The widowes daughter fir.

*W.S.* Bloud is he guld to. *T.S.* My brother stole her first,  
*Thre* coozend him, and I had coozend *Thre*,  
Had not the Constable tooke us in the watch,  
Shee is the widowes daughter, had I had lucke

*Thr.* And my espoused wife. *La.S.* Vnmaske her face,  
My daughter? I defie her. *W.S.* Your worships wife,

*Thr.* I am guld, and abus'd, and by a Statute  
Of *Tricesimo* of the late Queene,  
I will Star-chamber you all for couzenage,  
And be by law divorc'd. *W.S.* Sir will not hold,  
Shee's your leefull, lawfull, and true wedded wife,

*Teste Lievetenant Beard.* *Bea.* Wast you that brake my head?

*W.S.* But why shouldst thinke much to die a Cuckold,  
Being borne a Knave? as good Lawyers as you  
Scorne not hornes. *Thr.* I am guld, aye me accurst!

Why should the harmlesse men be vext with hornes,  
When women most deserue them? *W.S.* He shew you fir,

The husband is the wifes head, and I pray

Where should the hornes stand but upon the head:

Why were not thou begot (thou foolish Knave)

By a poore Sumner, on a Sergeants widow?

Wert not thou a Puritane, and put in trust

To gather releefe for the distressed *Geneva*?

And didst not thou leave thy poore brethren,

And runne away with all the money? I speake,

Was not that thy first rising ago,

Yare well coupled by *Love* yee are, she is

But a yonger sifter, newly come to towne,

Shee's currant metle, not a penny the worse

For a litle use, whole wihin the Ring,

By my soule. *Bea.* Will a take her thinkst thou?

*Bea.* Yes faith, upon her promise of amendment.



MERRY-TRICKS.

*J. Th.* The Lawyer is guld.

*Thr.* Am I thus over-reach'd, to have a wife,  
And not of the best neyther? *Fra.* Good sir be content,  
A Lawyer should make all things right, and straight,  
All lyes but in the handling, I may prove.  
A wife that shall deserve your best of love.

*S. Ol.* Take her Throte, you have a better jewell now  
Then ever, Kisse her, Kisse her man, all friends.

*La. S.* Yet in this happy close, I still have lost  
My onely daughter. *W. S.* Wher's thy Page Bontcher?

*Con.* Here I present the Page: and that all doubts,  
May heere be cleerd, heere in my proper shape,  
That all your joyes may be compleat, and full,  
I must make one, with pardon gentle mother,  
Since all our friends so happily are met,  
Here will I choose a husband: this be the man,  
Whom since I left your house in shape of Page, (much,  
I still have followed. *W. S.* Foot would I had knowne so.  
I would have beene bold to have laine with your Page.

*Con.* Say am I welcome. *Bon.* As is my life, and soule,

*La. S.* Heaven give you joy,  
Since all so well succeeds, take my consent.

*W. S.* Then are we all pair'd, I, and my lasse,  
You, and your wife, the Lawer, and his wench,  
And father fall you aborde of the widow,  
But then my brother. *T. S.* Faith I am a foole.

*W. S.* Thats all one; If God had not made  
Some elder-brothers fooles, how should wity  
Yonger brothers be maintain'd,  
Strike up Musicke, lets have an old song,  
Since all my tricks have found so good successe,  
Weele sing, dance, dice, and drinke downe heavinessse.

FINIS.





## Epilogus.

**T**Has two houres have brought to end,  
VVhat many tedious houres have pend,  
A dares not glory nor distrust.  
But he (as other writers must)  
Submit the censures of his paines  
To those whose wit, and nimble braines  
Are able best to judge: and as for some,  
VVho filld with malice, hether come  
To beleh their payson on his labour,  
Of them he doth intreat no favour,  
But bids them hang, or soone amend,  
For worth shall still it selfe defend,  
And for our selues we doe desire,  
Toule breath on us this growing fire,  
By which in time we may obtaine,  
Like favours which some others gaine:  
For be assur'd our loves shall tend,  
To equall theirs, if not transcend.

## FINIS.



